Renderings of Church Hymns

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London: C. J. CLAY AND SONS,
CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE,
AVE MARIA LANE.
Glasgow: 50, WELLINGTON STREET.

Leipzig: F. A. BROCKHAUS.
New York: THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.
Bombay: E. SEYMOUR HALE.

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RENDERINGS OF CHURCH HYMNS

FROM

EASTERN AND WESTERN OFFICE BOOKS

BY

THE REV. ROBERT MAUDE MOORSOM,

RECTOR AFORETIME OF SADBERGE, COUNTY DURHAM.

MUSIC

BY

THE REV. G. W. GRIFFITH AND MR W. S. DE WINTON.

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Cambridge:
PRINTED BY J. AND C. F. CLAY,
AT THE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

DEDICATED

TO ALL THOSE WHO

PRAY

THAT THERE MAY BE MORE VISIBLE

UNITY, PEACE AND CONCORD

AMONG THE VARIOUS PORTIONS

OF THE

ONE HOLY CATHOLIC, APOSTOLIC AND
ORTHODOX CHURCH OF GOD

145719

PREFACE.

THE following renderings are published, in the hope that English Churchmen may be stimulated to read the ecclesiastical books of Eastern Churches, in the original or in translations, and put their hymns into such an English form that they may be introduced into our services.

Object of this volume.

The Catholic Church of Great and Greater Britain ought to give her hand to each and all of her Catholic sisters. When Christians meet together to praise God their hymns of thanksgiving and penitence are alike in unity and concord. When the Greek Catholic, the Armenian Catholic, the Roman Catholic, and the English Catholic unite in singing the same chant, listening Angels say, "Behold how these Christians are one." And so all who love unity desire that the Church of England may be in touch with every branch of the Church of God.

The Catholic Church should be united.

One step towards reaching this unity would be that English sons and daughters of the Church should use in their occasional services the great hymns of the Churches of the East. Why do we not? Because we know little or nothing about them.

Eastern Church books are little known to Englishmen.

A few persons have tried to teach us.

About half a century ago Dr Neale translated some 64 of the hymns of the Eastern Church, and by so doing revealed to the eyes of English Churchmen that there was a Greek Church, and that her songs of praise were finer than any that the West had produced, and he urged those who loved poetry to turn to these treasure-houses of song.

Not long afterwards several translations were made by the Rev. Gerald Moultrie, and his "Cherubic hymn" might, if slightly altered, be sung in all our churches. The *People's Hymnal* also gave us 28 Greek Church hymns; but yet the mass of our congregations knows little or nothing about the stream of song, "deep, majestic, smooth, and strong," which flows through the Office books of this ancient Church.

In 1887 when the Appendix to *Hymns A. & M.* was being compiled, the Rev. Jackson Mason expressed great pleasure at having his attention drawn to the Greek Church Offices. And, taking the Parakletike, he produced "Fain would I, Lord of grace" 491 *Hymns A. & M.*, one of the most evangelical hymns in the volume; and had he lived he would have given us many more.

The Rev. John Brownlie of Portpatrick in 1900 published his "Hymns of the Greek Church," and says in his preface, "It is a remarkable fact, that with the exception of a few, our educated men show great ignorance of the most attractive material for praise and prayer contained in the Greek Church Service-books; some of the hymns are most beautiful and tender in their expressions of Gospel truth." He has translated about 46 of these excellently.

The following "renderings" were made about 15 years ago and printed, through the kindness of Canon Chamber-

lain, in the *Oxford University Herald*; several also were inserted in the *Church Times* and other periodicals, in the hope that they might stimulate persons to examine the Service-books of the Eastern Churches that are lying in St John's College Oxford and the Bodleian.

A Book of Common Praise.

The future Book of Common Praise of the Church of England should be a Catholic book. An Anglo-Catholic hymnal must be the growth of years. The English nation has a foot in every land, and belongs to 1900 years. Her Church is still more closely linked with all nations, and her hymns should tell us of all ages, and gather in the best from all Churches. Herself a portion, and a living fruitful portion, of the great Catholic Church of God, she claims as her heritage the best of all the other portions of that Universal Church.

Should contain our best.

And the Church ought to give her best to her children; the best that her most gifted sons have produced. In the middle ages merely Western Latin hymns satisfied English Churchmen, and those in the British and Saxon tongues, spoken by the people, were only sung in the monasteries and in the families of religious persons. A little later Sternhold and Hopkins were enough, then Tate and Brady held sway; the Wesleys, Newton and Cowper quickened our forefathers; now we are content with a limited number from a small portion of the Christian Church.

Widen the circle.

But the circle may be widened and our children possibly may sing the chants and hymns of every portion of the Church Catholic.

For she is not fairly represented in our present hymnal; a Church which dates from the first Century, and has a

history of 60 generations of Churchmen and Churchwomen, could supply us and our children with more that is weighty of the past and with less that is thin and meagre of the present.

Our Prayer Book makes us feel that we are not merely island Englishmen, but members of the widespread Church of God.

But our hymnal was formed only yesterday, and though it has some ancient marks about it, yet in the main it is a modern book.

If then our lineage is high, we should ever be reminded of it. All the surroundings of our Church should speak of the great past as fully as of the present. She must keep touch with the mighty dead as well as with the living. If her sons belong to the family of God by their birthright, they have a claim upon all that is good in all the ages of the whole Catholic Church.

But as yet no hymnal represents the full and complete songs of praise which a Church so large and historic as the Church of England ought to possess.

The purpose with which this little volume is published, is to suggest that the Church of England should include, in its Book of Common Praise, the Liturgical chants of the Eastern Churches, as well as those of the Western Churches. This indeed is the first source from which hymns should be drawn by a Church which arose on the ashes of the Jewish Church. It is in the early Service-books of the East that are found the primitive hymns, and they are the common property of the Catholic Church.

First, Liturgies; Next, Churchmen's hymns.

The next source from which suitable hymns should be obtained is from the great productions of the really great

Churchmen who belong to the great National Churches. If the Liturgies fail, surely we should choose the noble historic hymns of each Church as given us by the pens of her leading children, rather than the commonplace utterances of somebody in the newest magazine.

Why does not the Church of England provide her members with the approved and authorised hymns that Armenian, Syrian, Greek and Russian Churchmen sing? The Horologia, Breviaries and Missals have their Psalms of praise in the same volume interspersed among their prayers. And these hymns are sanctioned by the Church; but the Church of England has only a few that have been approved by the ecclesiastical authority of the Anglican Church.

Authorised hymns.

Hence the Catholic Churchman turns with reverential delight to the approved utterances of praise which stand already sanctioned in the Service-books of other branches of the Catholic Church. Nineteen centuries in every land East and West have produced a rich treasury: and these ancient verses in age after age have cheered and roused and comforted the souls of millions of Christians over the whole world.

Were a young Englishman to go, as many do, to a house of business in the East, and talk with members of the Greek, Russian, Syrian, Coptic and Armenian Churches, what would he now have in common with them? They would shew him hymns twelve, fourteen and sixteen centuries old, and ask, "Do you in England sing these venerable Canons?" and by his ignorance they would be not unlikely to consider that his Church lacked much that was Catholic. These great hymns express, as clearly as any modern hymns, the leading doctrines of Christianity.

Study right sources, and reproduce.

What then now is needed is that the right sources of hymns should be examined, that is, first, the Liturgies and Office books of all the varied branches of the Catholic Church.

Dr Neale was a man of genius, and he preserves the spirit of the Greek in his translations, which read like original compositions. Every scholar cannot rival him, but were Eastern scholars to translate the suitable passages, others who have the power of writing good lines could turn them into verse. Such a work would be more useful to the Church than the turning of a modern hymn into poor Greek Iambics or Latin Sapphics, which is the recreation of many a scholar now in his leisure hours.

Greek Office books can be procured.

But a person might say, "Where am I to find this Prayer Book of the Greek Church?" Well, any bookseller will procure for him the volumes printed either at Venice or at Athens. And they are not expensive. If an Oxford man wants to know something about the Mother Prayer Book of all Prayer Books, he may have some difficulty, for though there is at St John's College a splendid collection, and in the Bodleian there are also old Venice copies, yet these are printed in the contracted type prevalent two and three hundred years ago. At Oxford there are not enough modern editions.

Cambridge University Library is more happy. Bishop Hacket gave her a noble gift of Eastern Service-books in the old type, and modern editions have also been placed on the shelves, and may be taken out by any M.A. who desires to follow the example of Neale.

Do this, and you work for unity.

If Churchmen will endeavour to supply the lack, our Church will become more closely

linked with her sister Churches, and claiming her share in whatever is the property of the whole Church, she will be more closely united in affection and interest with each daughter of the common Mother.

Every such attempt now will help towards the attainment of a book which to our descendants will in some degree be what the Prayer Book is to us, an ancient and a modern book, full of the history of the Catholic Church, and of our own Imperial British Church, interesting because of the great names of its great Authors. And such a book of Common Praise will be composed of hymns from the Jewish, the Greek, the Nestorian, the Coptic, the Syrian, all the Eastern Churches, as well as those of the West, and also hereafter from those offshoots, the daughter Churches of our Anglican Mother.

Wider knowledge, deeper love.

If Churchmen of the Catholic Church in England would set themselves to this study, first of the Eastern Service-book hymns, and next, of those of great Eastern Churchmen, these treasures would gradually become known, and out of many translations the best would survive. And in consequence many among us, who now know little of the origin of our Prayer Book and Hymnals, would learn to respect the piety, the learning, and holiness of the Churchmen who are their Catholic ancestors of the early and middle ages.

Some of these hymns breathe all the fervour, all the "emotional unction," and even at times employ the phrases, which are so dear to Evangelical Christians. Surely if we love the old ballads of our English forefathers, as Churchmen we might enlarge our view, and learn to value the first-rate productions of Eastern and Western Churches as yet unknown to us.

Accept a new thought.

Ancient are as good as Modern, perhaps better.

The English Church has had full liberty allowed her to gather all that is good in the past, and to create new hymns which should rival the ancient ones. During this last nineteenth century she has done well, there are hymns of hers which will last, but she has not done justice to the accumulated treasures either of her own or of her sister Churches. She has neglected the long series of authorised ancient hymns of the Armenian, Syrian, Coptic, and East Syrian Churches. A few of these are rendered in the following pages, in the hope that other Churchmen will give to England much happier renderings.

Syrian Church Hymns.

The one glory of *Church Hymns* by the S. P. C. K. is that it contains "Glad sight! The Holy Church" which the Rev. F. Pott rendered from the Syriac. It is strange that we have only this one hymn from the home of Christianity. We hold the Psalms in high honour; they were written by Syrians[1]. We make much of the very words of our Saviour; He spoke in Syriac, the common language of the country; the Canticles, those models on which every nation has formed its praise to God, were uttered in a Syriac dialect; the ideas, the similes, the turns of thought which religious persons use, many expressions which are now household words in our literature, some of the happiest points and most effective passages in the speeches of our ablest orators, are either Syriac or derived from the writings of those Syrians, whom the Almighty employed as His penmen; and yet we Westerns utterly ignore the Syrian Church, its Liturgical books and its Churchmen.

[1] See Gen. xxv. 20 and Deut. xxvi. 5, shewing that the Hebrews and Syrians were akin.

The East Syrian Church also has numerous hymns; we have not put one in our Anglo-Catholic Hymnals, and we know nothing about them.

East Syrian Hymns.

Badger, Etheridge and Hammond tried to inspire us with something superior to the oft-repeated commonplace ideas which make our hymn-books such dull reading. But as yet we have paid no attention to them or to their successor Mr Brightman, of the Pusey House, who in his "Eastern Liturgies" is endeavouring to make Churchmen in England know that they belong to the Catholic Church. As yet we do but just allow that we owe our Bible to the Holy Land; then we turn away from our Benefactress, the Eastern Church, and we evolve from our own Western religiousness a Hymnody independent of its source. From that watershed of Palestine flowed four rivers, East and West and South and North; yet we care not for the fountain head or its poetic streams; we dig our own wells, and so the Syriac, Armenian, Coptic and East Syrian hymns are unknown to Englishmen, as are all but a few of the Greek hymns, which remain in the language that our Lord and the Apostles spoke when they were with educated persons. We are inclined to prefer our own insular, provincial and parochial effusions. And yet that Eastern race has had by its prose and poetry a thousandfold more influence on the world, than all the wisdom of classical Greece, Egypt or India.

Most of all is it incumbent on the Church of Ireland to turn her thoughts to the East, for all that Eastern Churches have that is beautiful in form, and spiritual in feeling, is by right hers. Her eyes and heart ought to turn to rites and offices and to a Liturgy, which had far more in common with the

The Irish Church especially.

jubilant praise and heart-stirring services of the East, than with those which came in later and modern times from Italy. The ancient Liturgy of the Church of Ireland, her buildings, her chancels, her hymns, her ritual, her colours, her music, her Communion in both kinds, her mixed Chalice, her books of Deer, Dimma and Molling, her Office books, all her habits and traditions, her Consecration of Priests, the form of their tonsure, her Eastertide and her Kalendar, all point to that early Christianity which the West learnt from the East: and all were held in affection in early days, before that which we now call Roman came into the country. Were the Irish Church now to return to her first love, she might perhaps stir her English sister to learn, with herself, what is the meaning of the word "Catholic," and to resume real Catholic doctrine and services. It is for us with our Irish brethren to remember that Christianity arose in Palestine, that the Head of the Church was an Eastern, that on the eve of His death He and His disciples sang a Syriac hymn, and that the earliest words of Christian praise were uttered in the Aramean dialect. The gorgeous grandeur of thoughts, and words, and imagery, which Easterns employ, when their holiest feelings rise heavenwards, and they fall before their Maker, would, did we but know them, take us back to the land of Judæa, and help us to realise that our Church has a long history, and that its pedigree runs back to the first ages of Faith.

Honour the past.

The young do not appreciate the past, but an ancient Church should cling to its treasures, and set in high place what time has consecrated. It should glory in its marks of antiquity. The English Church is just awakening to this duty, and one way in which she can do it, for the benefit of all her children, is by making them

aware of what jewels she and her sisters have, in common with the Universal Church.

At present in our hymn-books there are no Armenian, or Coptic, or East Syrian hymns. All these Churches, as branches of the Catholic Church, could supply us with thoughts that are not so trite as those of our modern writers. And they have this advantage, that their praise has the sanction of the Church, and has been in use in their Service-books for centuries. It is to be hoped that ere long many of these will be brought before the attention of the Church of England, so that she may know them, and possibly adopt them, as part of her Catholic heritage. This can only be expected when some compilers shall arise who are also Liturgical scholars, and whose Liturgical knowledge shall include Eastern, as well as Western, Office books.

A little familiarity with the Service-books of the Greek Church would dispel many erroneous ideas, and a large infusion of Eastern Liturgical hymns might give a more robust tone to the piety and poetry of our songs of praise.

Churchmen's hymns for Churchmen.

And in choosing hymns for Public worship one rule is to abide by the principle "Sancta Sanctis," "Ecclesiastica Ecclesiasticis," "Katholika Katholikis," "Τὰ σὰ δίδομέν σοι, Κύριε, ἐκ τῶν σῶν." "It is from Thine own, Lord, that we give Thee Thine own." What the Church has approved and sanctioned, that claims the first place in the reverence and affection of her members. We should sing those hymns, not because we happen to like them, but because they have the Imprimatur of the Catholic Church, or of one of its branches, and because our brethren in every land are using them at the same moment. What the Angelic hymn, what

the Gloria in excelsis, what the Canon of the Eucharist, what the Nicene and Apostles' Creeds, what the Litany are to us in our Common Prayer Book, such should be the great Catholic hymns of our Book of Common Praise.

Cambridge promotes study.

Then there are the Greek Church hymns. Dr Neale revealed them to us. He was a Master of Arts of Cambridge. In the Cambridge University Library there are many editions of Greek Service-books. He got hold of them and taught English Churchmen what they did not know. As a Master he had the power of taking out volumes and working at them in the country. This is one of the highest boons our Alma Mater allows her sons. By this liberal rule, Cambridge men have enriched literature with many treasures. They have had the books at their own homes, and could keep them a reasonable time, and the Church and the world are the wiser and better for her generous permission thus to use her volumes. Indeed there are few books in her great Library that are not handled and read, and many are taken out; one of these volumes, which Bishop Hacket bestowed, now lies before me. Archbishop Laud did the like in his own magnificent way to Oxford, and St John's College, but the University of Oxford does not grant to her sons such a bounteous use of her treasures in the Bodleian, as is given to the sons of the sister University.

The Celtic Church.

The Irish Church was in close union with the British Church. The Celtic Church derived from Palestine and Greece its Bible with its songs of praise, its Liturgy with its noble prayers and hymns, and that missionary zeal which endears it to the soul of every earnest Christian.

There is not an Irishman living who is not proud of

St Patrick, St Columba, and the famous missionary preachers who carried the Gospel into Scotland, Iceland and many parts of the continent of Europe. Every Irish Churchman knows that these men left hymns expressing simple faith in God and in their Saviour's protecting care and love. But these songs of praise are either in ancient Irish or in Latin, needing to be turned into the ordinary language of the present day. We want them in racy terse lines, set to music in such a manner that they should ring in the ears of every listener so that he must perforce repeat the words by heart and treasure them in his soul. Not only should St Patrick's and St Columba's hymns be made known to every Irishman, but those of St Finian, who was a great Irish scholar devoted to the Scriptures. He was well known in Wales and is a connecting link between the Irish and British Churches. Were his hymns translated into words understanded of the people, the Welsh and Irish Churches now might become more closely united. St Hilary's too in praise of Christ, St Fiacc's in praise of the Apostles, St Sechnall's eulogy of his friend, the two given in Mone, in honour of the Blessed Virgin Mary and of St Bridget, might well be sung by those among us who think much of the British and Irish Churches. What our Irish forefathers sang we too may as well sing. There is more that appeals to us in the hymn that generations of Christians have used than in any modern production.

Where are the hymns of the British Church?

We have no hymns in the tongue that our British ancestors spoke, and we therefore ought to cherish those of her sister Church.

Anglo-Saxon hymns are numerous.

Those who read Cædmon and Cynewulf and Alcuin will perhaps turn their attention to what the Anglo-Saxon Church has left us, and give us

some renderings which shall help towards the formation of the coming Books of Common Praise of the Church.

What is a Rendering?

Renderings are required rather than translations.

When we hold in our hands an ancient hymn we may deal with it in two ways. A translation is the giving of the exact meaning in our present tongue. This is good only when there is a peculiar character attaching to the old Greek, or Latin, or Eastern lines; an expression, a word, an allusion valuable for its history or spiritual meaning. Just as we keep our Saxon arches intact and our Norman chevrons unaltered, so should we retain what is characteristic in the old hymns. "Dies irae" and "Pange, lingua" are examples; here the exact meaning of the ancient words should be retained; they should not be pared down, for they are historic.

The other method aims at giving in twentieth century language and with English idioms the leading idea and spirit of the hymn. This is a "rendering," it is not a paraphrase, and the art of him who thus "renders" the ancient meaning in the thoughts of to-day lies in selecting the strong and rejecting the weak points of the original. It deals not so much with the corresponding words as with the ruling thought and aim of the Syriac or Greek. It is an attempt to express what the early author would say, were he able to write in English in our twentieth century. Translations often supply us with bald English, foreign idioms and particles omitted. A good rendering should avoid the faults of translations and paraphrases and give us the ancient thoughts in a perfect modern dress. The object is to produce in us the emotions which were

long ago produced in those for whom the original was written.

Plain canons wanted.

There is a wide field for our best Church scholars and poets in the countless elevating and noble Christian thoughts which lie hid in the religious books of the East, and it would be no unfitting task for a professor of poetry to devote some lectures to shewing what a hymn should be and what it should not be. There are rules for the translator, for the renderer, and for the composer, but they have not as yet been put into shape. There are canons for writing, and canons for compiling, but no one has formulated them. There are points which are essential to a hymn, as to doctrine, as to its artistic side, as to its poetry, as to its metre, its rhymes, and its epithets; but no one has yet taught us about these things. Some clear principles are much wanted, so that the taste and judgment of the rising sons and daughters of the Church may be improved. Much criticism has been spent upon the sonnet; why should not the artistic parts of the hymn receive becoming attention?

A Catholic Hymnal.

There is a coming hymnal for the vast Anglo-Catholic or British Church, upon whose services the sun never sets. Every well regulated attempt will help towards the attainment of a volume, or several volumes—suited to different classes of Churchmen,—which may be placed side by side with "The Book of Common Prayer."

Such volumes, to which every Christian century will have given its best and to which every branch of the Christian Church will have contributed something of its sweetest and holiest, will be a "Catholic Hymn-book." This is worth working for.

Our Church has many names.

As to the name "British." We speak of "The Church of England." She has many names. When Christianity first came to the shores of Britain, and our British ancestors were baptized into the name of Christ, they formed a Church. They were baptized into "The One Holy Apostolic Orthodox Catholic Church," and being Britons they belonged to that part of the Catholic Church which was called "Ecclesia Britannorum." After the Anglo-Saxons conquered Britain this "Ecclesia Britannorum" was gradually united to the stronger "Ecclesia Anglorum." When the Normans came in the Church was called "Ecclesia Anglicana," or "Sancta Ecclesia Anglica." When the English language was formed, she was called "Ye Englishe Churche." Now her titles are the Church of England, the English Church, the Anglican Church, the Anglo-Catholic Church.

She is the Church of God in England. She is *The* Church, the lineal descendant of the Church planted in the early ages. She, and she alone, can trace her descent from the first believers in England. She is "The Catholic Church" in England.

Having been long blind I know that any book of mine must have many defects. But my friends have been most good. I wish to thank Canon C. Evans of Parkstone, Dorset; the Rev. J. T. Pearse of Chiddingstone Rectory; Canon Furneaux of Winchester; the Rev. F. E. Warren of Bardwell Rectory; and Professor W. E. Collins of King's College, London, for valuable criticisms and corrections.

My acknowledgments are also due to those experts in foreign tongues who have helped me with the Headings[1]

[1] In transliteration the learned appear to differ; perhaps we ought to remember that as yet it is an art, not an exact science.

to the Hymns, as I know no Eastern language; and who have allowed me to print their notes upon the Hymnody of various Churches. The stimulus their words give may well encourage younger Churchmen; and therefore I thank M. Gennadius, the Rev. Theodore Isaac, Mr Conybeare, Professor Margoliouth, Mrs Lewis of Cambridge, the Rev. F. F. Irving and Dean Maclean of the Assyrian Mission, Professor K. Meyer of Liverpool, Professor Earle of Oxford, and Professor Skeat of Cambridge.

The tunes of the Rev. G. W. Griffith of Tisbury, Wilts., are far above the common, and I wish to express my gratitude to him for permitting me to print them; and also to Mr W. S. de Winton for his "Deus nobiscum." My reader, Miss N. Chalke of Winchester, has been most capable and untiring in her endeavours to aid me.

R. M. M.

WINCHESTER.

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EASTERN CHURCH HYMNS

HYMNS OF THE HOLY ORTHODOX GREEK CHURCH

Hymns of the Greek Church.

HYMN FOR MIDNIGHT.

A rendering of Μνήσθητι, Κύριε. Horologion, Midnight Service, p. 20.

Recall us, Saviour, to Thy love,
Throughout the coming day:
And grant forgiveness from above
Whene'er we go astray;
For sinful are we, and in heart
None here is pure, not one;
Thou only undefilèd art,
The Father's Holy Son.

Thy wisdom in its depth and height
Surpasseth all our skill,
Thou givest in Thy sovereign might,
Now good, now seeming ill;
Yet all is right and all is wise,
Thy love doth order best;
Upon that love the Church relies,
And trusts Thee for the rest.

O gracious Ruler of the earth!
On whom our hopes depend,
Thou hast protected from our birth,
Uphold us to the end;

And when the restless spirit faints,
Bestow Thy holy peace;
Yea, life eternal with the saints,
So pain and tears may cease.

First printed in 1888.
Tune *Hymns A. & M.* 439, Day's Psalter, first tune.
The Midnight Services of our Church forefathers suggested many strengthening and holy thoughts. Seven times during the day and night hours did they praise God. Were their prayers and praise better known to us, those, who now lie awake in the night season, might perhaps remember the Name of the Lord more often and in fuller confidence look up to Him.

MORNING HYMN. PART I.

A rendering of Ἐξεγερθέντες τοῦ ὕπνου. Horologion, Midnight Service, p. 2.

Awaked from sleep, we fall
Before Thee, God of love!
And chant the praise the angels raise,
O God of might, above:
Holy! Holy! Holy! art Thou, God adored!
In Thy pitying mercy shew us mercy, Lord.

As at Thy call I rise:
Shine on this mind and heart,
And touch my tongue, that I among
Thy choir may take my part:
Holy! Holy! Holy! Trinity adored!
In Thy pitying mercy shew us mercy, Lord.

The Judge will come with speed,
And each man's deeds be known;
Our trembling cry shall rise on high
At midnight to Thy throne:
Holy! Holy! Holy! King of saints adored!
In the hour of judgment shew us mercy, Lord.

Tune "Gerrans," 474, in *Hymns A. & M.*
Horologion. Venice Edition, 1888.

MORNING HYMN. PART II.

A rendering of Χερουβικῶς βοήσωμεν. Horologion, Service for Dawn, p. 43.

The Cherubin to Thee
Continually do cry;
A little less than they, we bless
The Majesty on high:
Holy, Holy, Holy, Father, God adored!
In Thy pitying mercy shew us mercy, Lord.

Creator of all hosts!
Touch every heart and voice,
That men may raise the Victor's praise,
And with all heaven rejoice:
Holy, Holy, Holy, Jesu, God adored!
In Thy pitying mercy shew us mercy, Lord.

Inspired to holy thoughts,
Enlightened by Thy grace,
We with our song would join the throng
That chant before Thy face:
Holy, Holy, Holy, Spirit, God adored!
In Thy pitying mercy shew us mercy, Lord.

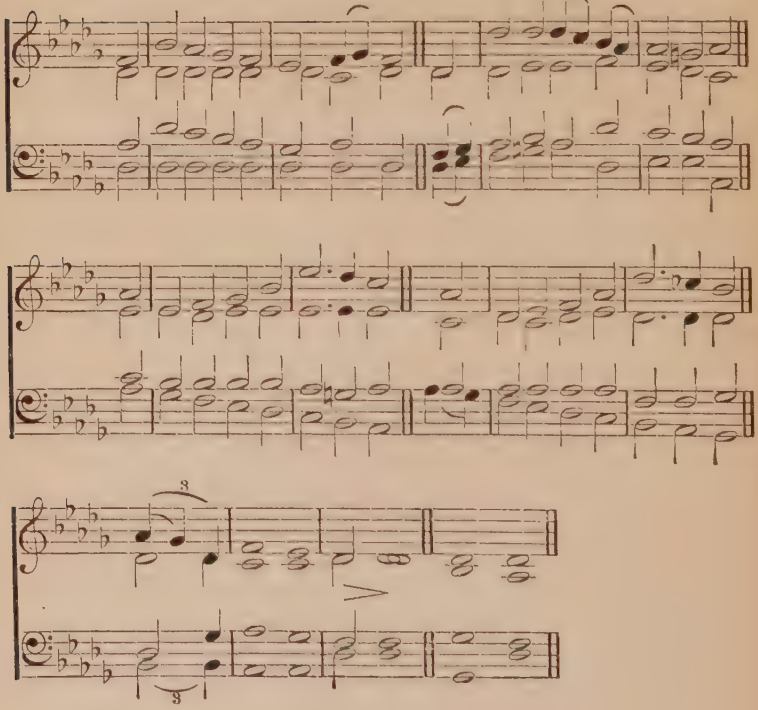
Unworthy though we be,
At this the hour of prayer,
From every clime the strain sublime
Rings through the morning air:
Holy, Holy, Holy, Trinity adored!
In Thy pitying mercy shew us mercy, Lord.

Tune "Gerrans," 474, in *Hymns A. & M.*

"O Jesu, Who from Heaven didst send."

Paracletus.

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



A rendering of Κύριε, ὁ τὸ πανάγιόν σου πνεῦμα. Horologion, p. 85, Service for the Third Hour.

O Jesu! who from Heaven didst send,
To tarry with the twelve, a Friend,
The Church's Counsellor and Guide,
With her forever to abide,
God the Holy Spirit:

At this, the third hour of the day,
Within Thy courts we wait and pray;
Deny not that for which we plead,
Again baptize us in our need
With the Holy Spirit.

Of old, O Lover of our race!
Thy largest wisdom, fullest grace,
Endowed the fishermen to win,
And draw the gathering nations in,
By the Holy Spirit.

Thy Name shall ever be adored
O blest Redeemer, Saviour, Lord!
Renew Thy gifts, and day by day
Direct us in the heavenly way
By the Holy Spirit.

Thy timely guidance and control
Is comfort to the weary soul;
Stay, then, beside us in our woe,
That mind and heart the power may know
Of the Holy Spirit.

Abide with us; for Thee we long,
Thy presence turneth sighs to song;
So every land the hymn shall raise,
[1]And One United Church shall praise
God the Holy Spirit.

[1] The orthodox Greek Church has many petitions for Unity, ἕνωσις.

A rendering of Ὁ ἐν ἕκτῃ ὥρᾳ προσηλώσας. Horologion, p. 93, Service for the Sixth Hour.

Thou, who on the Cross at noontide
Didst the sin of Adam slay,
Paradise for man regaining,
By presumption cast away;
Jesu! hear us when we call,
And forgive the frequent fall.

In the Book of Judgment written
Lie the entries of our shame;
Strike the record from its pages
For the honour of Thy name;
Jesu! hear us when we call,
And prevent the frequent fall.

Aid us in Thy loving mercy,
Aid us quickly from on high;
Mid the riches of Thy splendour
Think upon our poverty;
Jesu! save us from our shame,
For the glory of Thy name.

Thou, Thy hands of love extending
To the wide world East and West,
Didst proclaim Salvation, crying,
"Come to Me and be at rest";
Jesu! keep us free from shame,
For the glory of Thy name.

For the joy then set before Thee,
Thou the agony didst bear;
As we bend before Thine altar
Hear the pleading of our prayer;
Jesu! who the joy hast known,
Draw us to Thee—to Thy throne.

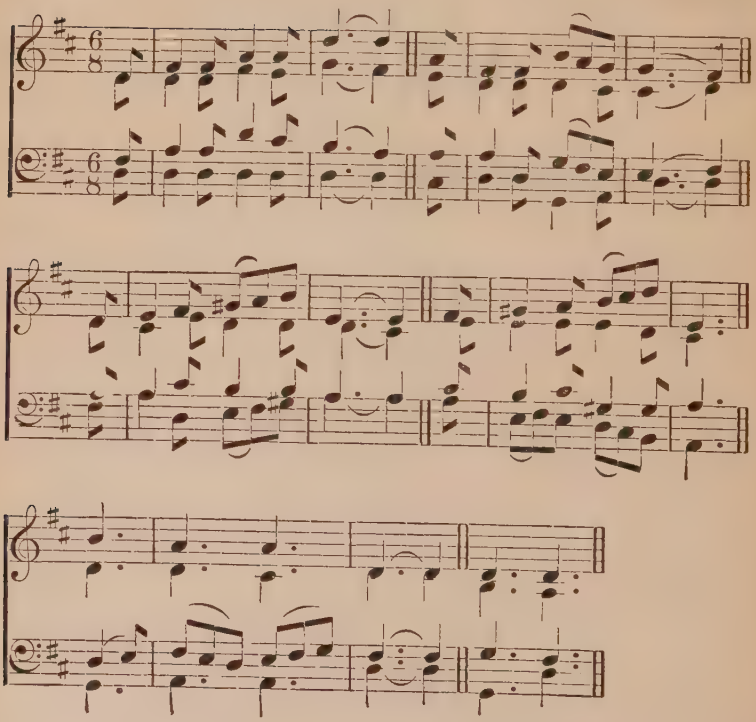
Thou, upon the Cross uplifted,
Didst a pleasure find in pain;
Now the ransomed Church doth greet Thee
With the cry, the grateful strain,
"Jesu! Thou the joy hast known,
Draw the Nations to Thy throne."

Tune "Dretzel," 25, in *Hymns A. & M.*

"Awake, my soul."

Surge, anima mea.

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



THE CHRISTIAN'S ADDRESS TO HIS SOUL.

A rendering of Ψυχή μου, ψυχή μου. Horologion, p. 369.

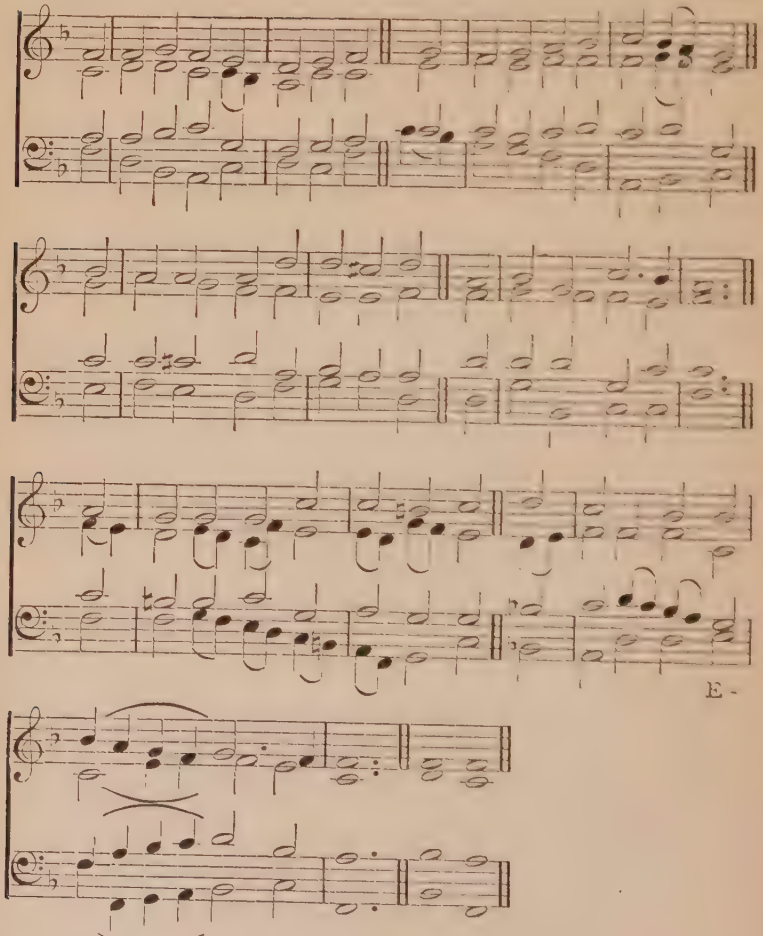
Awake! my soul, awake!
Sleep not, for dear life's sake.
The end is drawing near,
Why linger? Dost thou fear
The stirring call?

Be sober, O my soul,
That Christ may thee control,
That God may mercy shew;
Dost think from Him to go
Who filleth all?

O God, my hope.

Spes mea Deus.

Rather slowly. Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



A GREEK DOXOLOGY: SPES MEA DEUS.

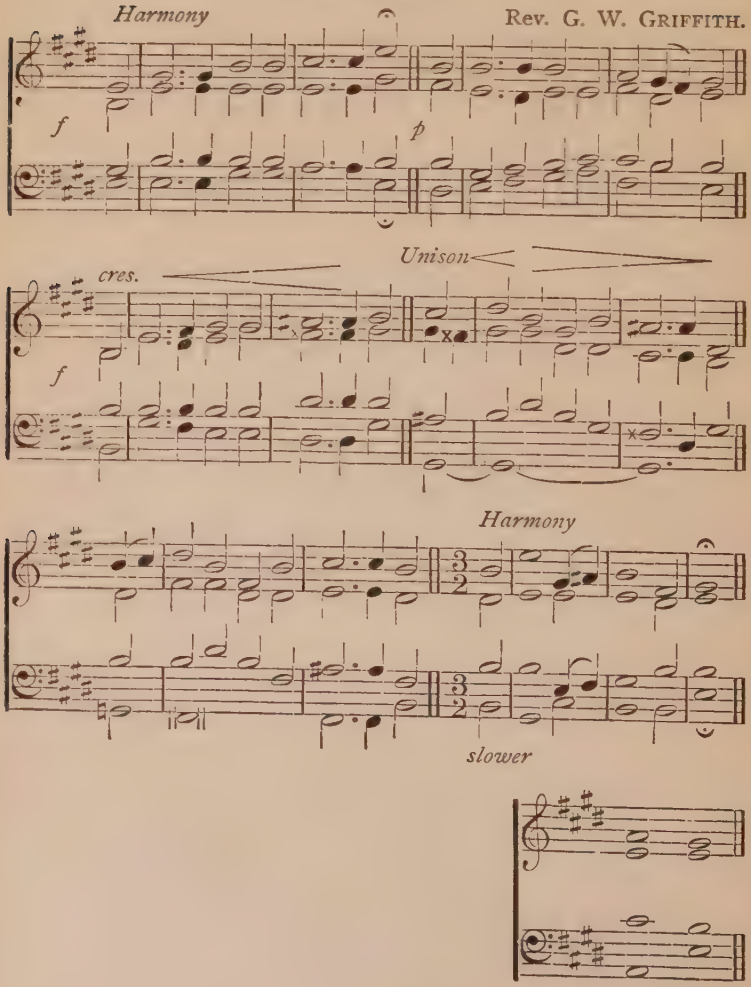
A rendering of Ἡ ἐλπίς μου ὁ πατήρ. Horologion, p. 21, Midnight Service.

O God! my Hope, where I confide,
O Christ! my Rock, where I abide,
O Holy Ghost! my Guard, my Guide,
O Sacred Trinity!

All praise and glory be to Thee,
In time, and in Eternity.

"Behold, the Bridegroom."

Ecce Sponsus.



FOR ADVENT.

A rendering of Ἰδοὺ ὁ Νυμφίος. Horologion, pp. 15, 374, Midnight Service.

"Behold, the Bridegroom draweth nigh"—
Hear ye the oft-repeated cry?
Go forth into the midnight dim,
For blest are they whom He shall find
With ready heart and watchful mind;
Go forth, my Soul, to Him.

"Behold, the Bridegroom cometh by"—
The call is echoed from the sky;
Go forth, ye servants, watch and wait:
The slothful cannot join His train,
No careless one may entrance gain;
Awake, my Soul,—'tis late.

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
We cry to Thee with one accord;
To us Thy pitying mercy shew,
That none may reach the door too late,
When Thou shalt enter at the gate
And to Thy kingdom go.

"Behold, the Bridegroom draweth near"—
The warning falls on every ear,
The night of dread shall come to all;
Then, O my Soul, renew thy light,
And trim thy lamp that it burn bright;—
Soon shall I hear the call.

A rendering of Ὁ συναΐδιος Λόγος. Horologion, p. 422.

The Eternal Word proceeding forth
From God the Eternal Father's throne,
While leaving not the hosts above,
Hath been to us below made known;
In passionate pity for our fall,
The second Adam thus began
To lay His kingly state aside,
To claim the poverty of man.

He, who from all eternity
Was self-existent, still the same,
That God in Time might be revealed,
In fashion as a servant came;
Oh, wondrous thought! The Word is flesh,
A perfect Adam comes again[1],
The Virgin's Child is born on earth,
And God Himself is one with men.

He quitted not His home on high,
While dwelling here with us on earth,
For He is God, our God in heaven,
Though Mary's babe by human birth;
No bounds could hold the God of all,
He is, and is in every place;
Nor laid He then the Godhead by,
But took our manhood by His grace.

[1] "Again" here rhymes with "men." "Again" is an Anglo-Saxon word and was pronounced "agen."

Amazed the Angels saw their Lord
Become a Man incarnate here,
The lofty unapproachèd God
Approached, as one whom none could fear;
O Christ! we bless Thee for the love,
That condescended from on high
To share our suffering and guilt;
That for a sinful world could die.

Tune "Intercession," 363, in *Hymns A. & M.*

Did St Thomas Aquinas take his "Verbum supernum prodiens Nec Patris linquens dexteram," "The Heavenly Word proceeding forth," 311, in *Hymns A. & M.*, from this? Who wrote this Greek hymn?

As to the doctrine, compare St Anatolius (Neale's translation of Μέγα καὶ παράδοξον θαῦμα, "A great and mighty wonder"); "The Word is made incarnate And yet remains on high," and Newman's "Praise to the Holiest in the height," 172, in *Hymns A. & M.*; and see St Athanasius, *De Incarnatione Verbi Dei*, c. 17.

A LENT HYMN.

A rendering of Ἰησοῦ γλυκύτατε. Horologion, *Kanon Hiketerios*, p. 481.

Sweet Saviour! in Thy pitying grace
Give of Thy sweetness to this heart;
Thou only Lover of our race!
Our souls lie wounded—heal their smart;
Oh! hear our penitential cry,
And save us, Jesu!—lest we die.

Receive us to Thy sheltering care,
Who weep before Thee in our shame,
And beg Thee, prostrate in despair,
To keep us from the undying flame;
Oh! hear Thy contrite servants' cry,
And save us, Jesu!—lest we die.

All we have broken Thy command,
Master! most pitiful, most sweet!
Redeem from the Destroyer's hand,
Till for Thy Kingdom we be meet;
Oh! hear our penitential cry,
And save us, Jesu!—lest we die.

We flee for refuge to Thy love,
Kind Saviour of the hopeless soul!
Pour down Thy radiance from above,
And make these sin-worn spirits whole;
Oh! hear, in mercy hear our cry,
And save us, Jesu!—lest we die.

Defend us in the judgment hour,
Shield from the doom we fain would shun;
All-merciful! we own Thy power,
And praise Thee for Salvation won;
Oh! hear our agonizing cry,
And save us, Jesu!—ere we die.

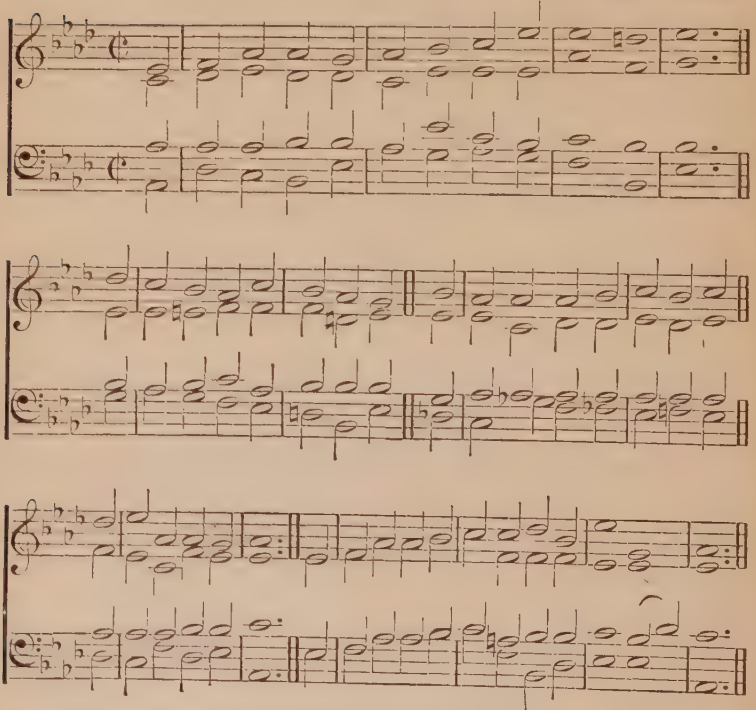
Tune "Shottery," 490, in *Hymns A. & M.*

The author of this is Theoktistus—890 A.D.—of the Studium at Constantinople.

"The Lord is on our side."

Deus nobiscum.

W. S. DE WINTON.



Rendered from the triumphal Greek Chant, Μεθ' ἡμῶν ὁ Θεός. Horologion, *Apodeipnon* Service, p. 157.

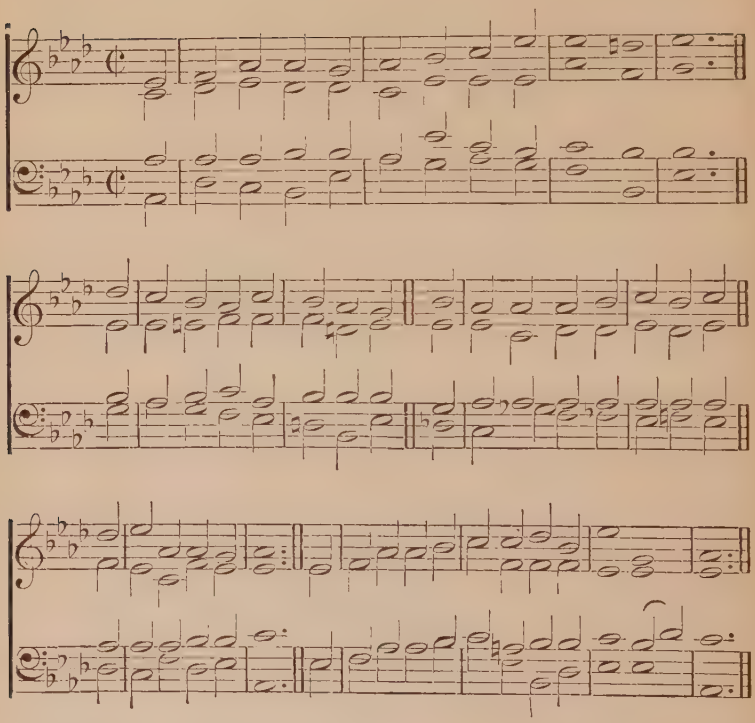
The Lord is on our side,
Let all the earth give ear!
Whatever may the Church betide,
The Lord doth still with her abide;
And every foe shall fear.
The Lord, whate'er betide,
The Lord is on our side.

Those who are strong to hate,
Those who design her fall,
We fear them not: their proud estate,
Their rancorous malice shall abate;
Our God doth govern all.
The Lord is with us here,
The Lord, our God, is near.

The Church doth know no dread,
The Church doth own His name,
And hallow Him, who is her Head;
In Him she trusts, by Him is led,
To whom, a Bride, she came;
Whatever may betide,
Her Lord is on her side.

Lo! children by her stand,
From East and West they meet,
From South and North, at her right hand
Daughters and Sons from every land
Their ancient Mother greet.
The Lord is with us here,
The Lord, our God, is near.

They who in darkness lay,
'Mid terror, death, and pain,
Have seen the heavenly light of day,
Have watched the shadows flee away,
For Christ, our God, doth reign.
The Lord, whate'er betide,
The Lord is on our side.



His banner is unfurled,
He bringeth perfect peace;
In wisdom doth He rule the world,
Beneath His feet is Satan hurled,
And sin and error cease.
The Lord is with us here,
The Lord, our God, is near.

He hath the victory won,
Our King for evermore!
O God the Father! God the Son!
O God the Spirit! Three in One!
We worship and adore.
No foe can here abide,
For Thou art on our side.

The next hymn to this in the Horologion is Τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών, "The day is past and over."

Dr J. Mason Neale said, "There is scarcely a first or second rate hymn of the Roman Breviary which has not been translated. The 18 vols. of Greek Church poetry are only known to the English reader by my little book of translations. Surely in the future hymnal of the English Church the East ought to yield its full share. Here is a noble field." He then speaks of "the marvellous ignorance in which English Ecclesiastical scholars are content to remain of this huge treasure of Divinity. I may safely say that not one out of twenty Churchmen has ever read a Canon through. Yet what a glorious mass of Theology do these Offices present!" Prefaces to *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862—6.

His Excellency M. Gennadius, formerly Greek minister at the Court of St James and now residing in London, writes, "There are I know a few Anglican Priests who have turned their attention to the Head fountain of all Christian literature; that is, to the Mother Church of all Churches. The field for their research is vast, and strange to say it is almost an unexplored one. The intercommunion between the Orthodox and the Anglican Church has long been an earnest hope with me."

HYMN AT THE BAPTISM OF AN ADULT.

(*As the Catechumen enters, the Choir shall sing,*)

Who is this that seeks to enter
At the Church's open door?
Who is this that stands repentant
Where he ne'er hath stood before?
Enter, Child of Man! and humbly
In a penitential guise;
Pause before the Font, and ponder;
Stern the toil,—if great the prize.

(*After the question 'Hath this person been baptized?' the Choir shall sing,*)

Canst thou fight the foe we're fighting?
Canst thou bear the Christian cross?
Wilt thou cast aside ambition,
Counting earthly treasure dross?
Wilt thou crucify the passions?
Curb the flesh and rebel will?
Wilt thou holily and humbly,
All The Church enjoins fulfil?

(*After the Priest has received the baptized person into the Church, the Choir shall sing,*)

Brother! thou hast pledged thy fealty,
And thine oath was heard on high;
Hell behind thee, Heaven before thee,
Seek thy mansion in the sky;
Lo! the cross is on thy forehead,
'Tis the Victor's holy sign;
Child of God! be true, be faithful,
And the crown of life is thine.

(*At the close of the Office, the Priest, the baptized person, and the Choir shall proceed to the chancel, the Choir singing,*)

Christ hath writ thy name in heaven,
And the Church enrols thee here;
All the brethren bid thee welcome;
Soldier of the cross! draw near;
Draw thou near before the Altar
Of thy Saviour and thy God;
Angels joy to see thee coming,
Treading where the Saints have trod.

(*As the Priest and the New Member kneel before the altar, the Choir shall sing,*)

Father! See an untried member
Joins Thy Church's warrior host;
Jesu! shew him all Thy mercy;
Grant Thy strength, O Holy Ghost!
Help him, Lord! when in the conflict,
Ever, till the fight be won;
Then, amid the host triumphant,
May he hear the glad "Well-done."

(*Then shall the Priest pronounce the blessing.*)

Tune "St Frideswide," 603, in *Hymns A. & M.*

Compare the Offices for Baptism of the Holy Eastern Church.

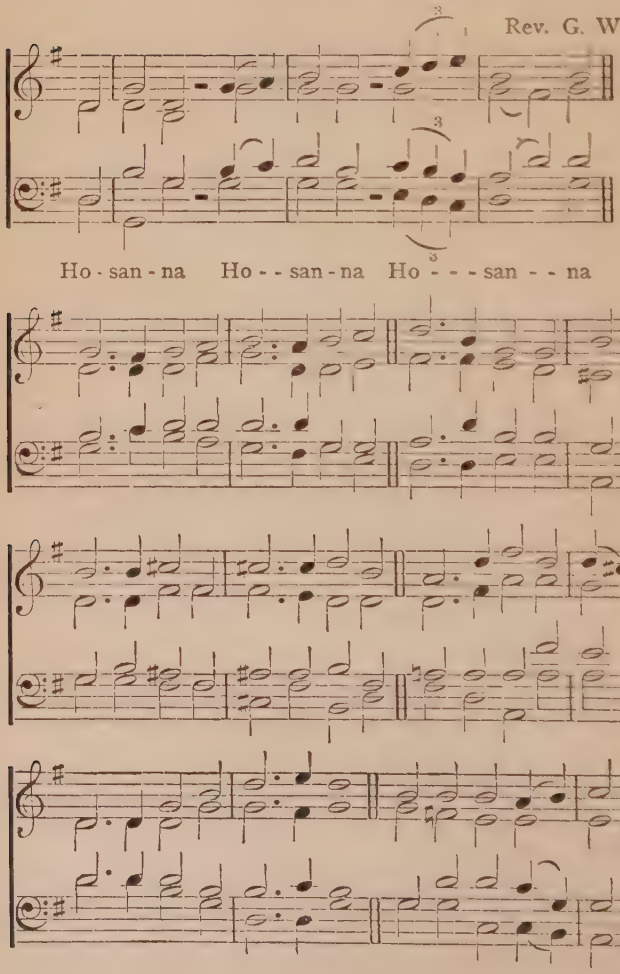
This is not a translation; but was written after reading through the Baptismal Office of the Greek Church. It might be useful to our mission priests abroad and at home.

Hymns of the Syrian Church.

Hymn for Palm Sunday.

"St Efrem Syrus."

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



FOR PALM SUNDAY.

A Processional Hymn of the Syrian Church, a rendering of *B'nai Urishlim* by St Efrem, the Syrian. Daniel, *Thesaur. Hymnol.* vol. III. 163.

All. Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

Precentor.

'Tis the cry of Salem's children;

Choir and Children.

"Hail the Mighty Father's Son!
In the height and depth Hosanna!
He hath come—the Coming One!"

Precentor and Congregation.

Hark! the tramp of children's feet,
Marching forth, their Lord to greet.

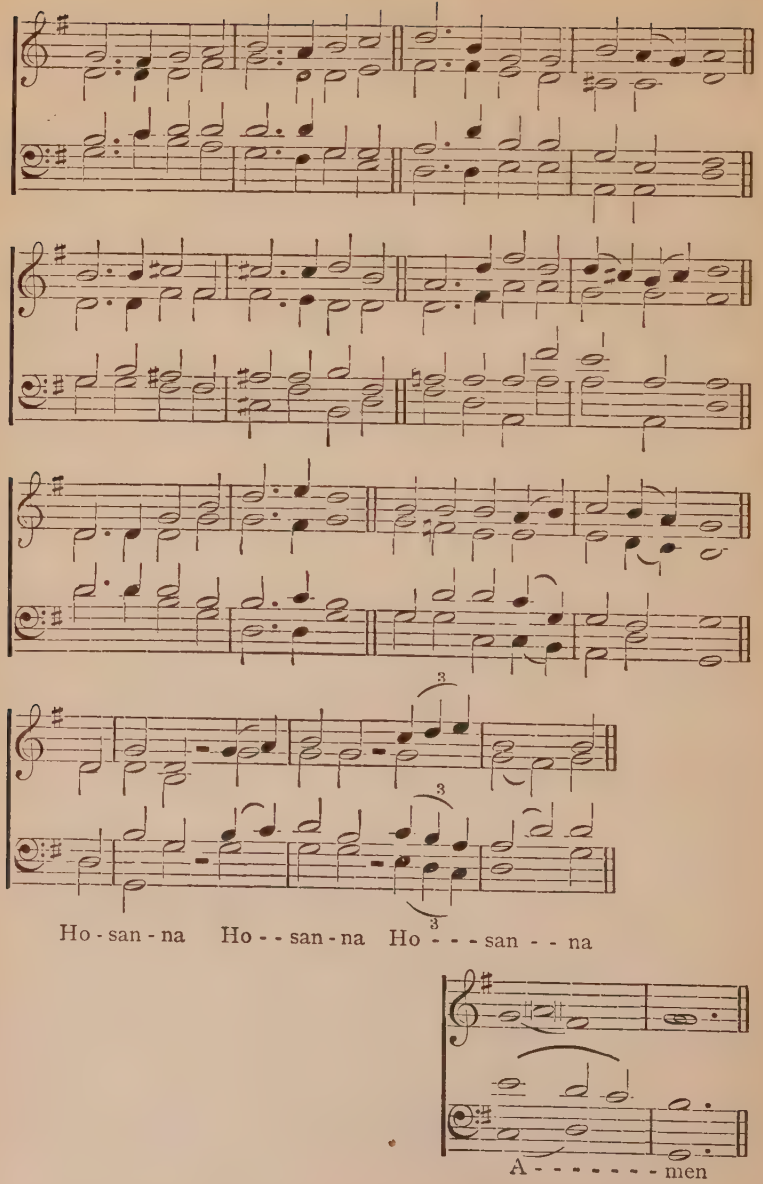
Choir and Children.

"Hail to Thee! Thy love hath brought Thee
Down from heaven to make us whole;
Hail! Thy poverty bestoweth
Wealth on every needy soul."

Congregation.

Hark! the tramp of children's feet,
Marching on, their Lord to greet.

"Hail! The prophets of our nation
See their words in Thee fulfilled;
See the world enriched with gladness,
As the Father's grace hath willed."
Hark! the tramp of children's feet,
Gathering near, their Lord to greet.

"Hail O God! Thy mute creation
Worships Thee with silent voice;
Hail! we infants hymn Thee coming,
And in new-found songs rejoice."
Hark! their welcome ripples sweet,
As they bend, their Lord to greet.

Ho - san - na Ho - - san - na Ho - - - san - - na
A - - - - - - - men

"Angels tremble at the splendour
Of Thy chariot's course above;
We behold Thee in Thy meekness,
And we wonder at Thy love."
List! the angel voices sweet
Echoing here, our Lord to greet.

"Humble is the colt that bears Thee,
Bears Thy holiness and might;
Lowly, gentle, full of mercy,
Thou wilt raise us to Thy height."
List! our children's voices sweet,
Bending low their Lord they greet.

"We will tell Thy righteous glory,
We will spread Thy Name abroad;
On this day of joy and blessing
Hearts and tongues shall praise the Lord."
All. Hark! the music falls more sweet,
As they kneel, their King to greet.

High they waved the palm-tree branches,
Chanting as they onward trod;
We too join our notes of triumph,
"Son of David! Son of God!
Hail! O Jesu! Thee we greet,
Coming to Thy mercy seat."

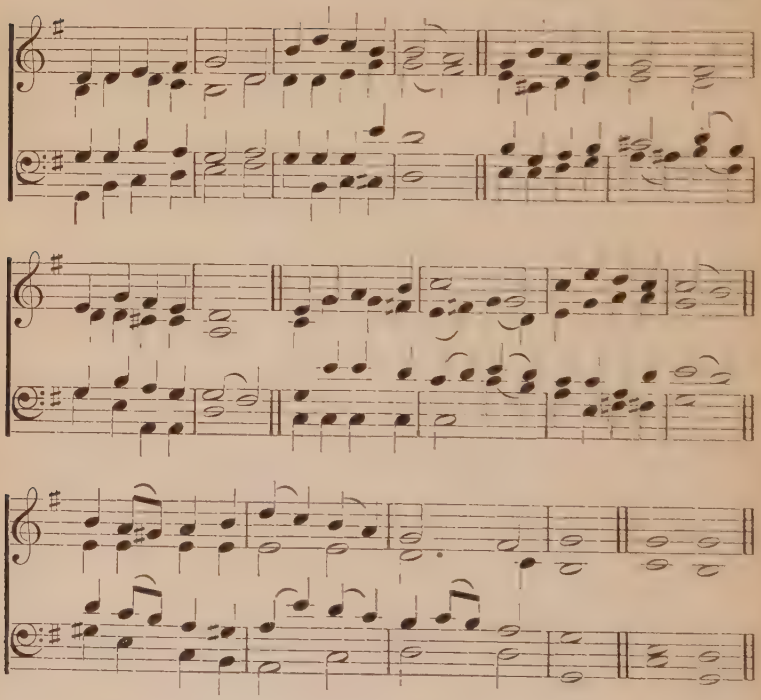
Hosanna! Hosanna! Hosanna!

St Efrem, 303—373 A.D., of Edessa. Attended the Council of Nicæa. His hymns are received by the Orthodox, Jacobites, and Nestorians alike.

"Holy, Holy, Holy."

Gloria Christo.

Not too fast. Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



A CHANT OF THE SYRIAN CHURCH DURING THE EUCHARIST.

A rendering of *Qaddîsh, Qaddîsh, Qaddîshat.* Daniel, *Thesaur. Hymnol.*, vol. III., p. 183.

Priest.

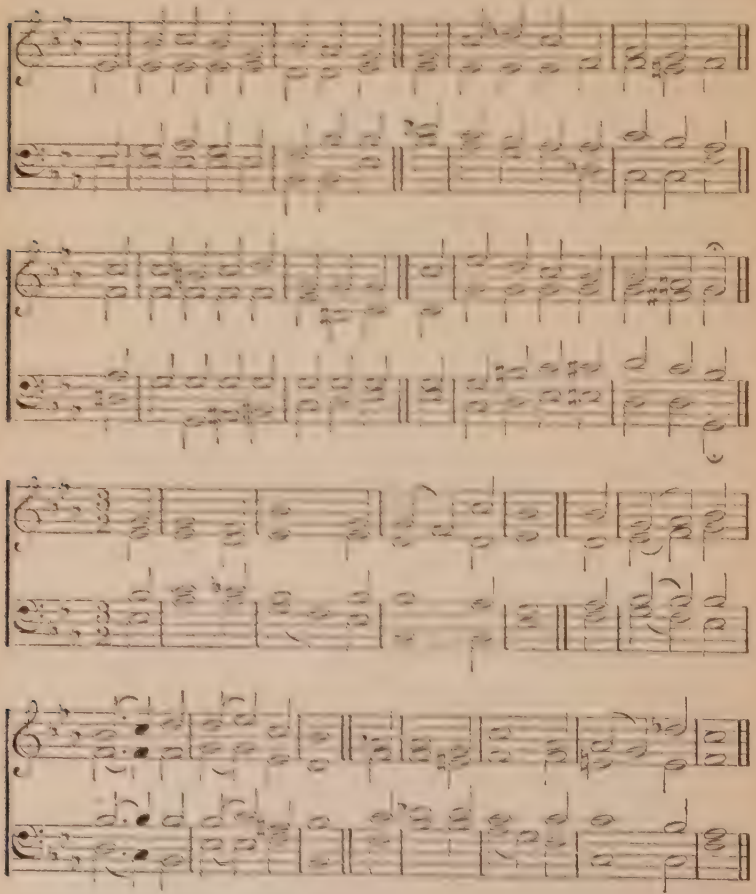
Holy, Holy, Holy, art Thou, Christ our Lord!
Blest art Thou who hast for me Thy blood outpoured:
Thou didst give Thy life that I might pardon gain,
Hear, O Lord! Thy Church's chanted strain.

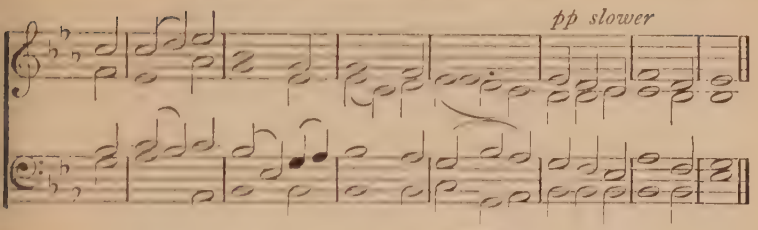
Deacon and part of Choir.
Alleluia! Glory be to Him who gave
Life and Blood most precious, sinful man to save.
Priest and part of Choir.
May that hallowed deed have full atoning power,
Shield us in the dreaded judgment hour.
Deacon and part of Choir.
Glory be to Him whose Blood is drink indeed,
Praise to Him upon whose Flesh and Blood we feed.
Priest and part of Choir.
Alleluia! of His Flesh do we partake:
Father! pardon grant for Jesus' sake.
Deacon and part of Choir.
On the cross the Saviour did the Chalice bless;
Pardoned sinners! drink, and here your Lord confess.
Priest and part of Choir.
Alleluia! Praise Him who hath shed His blood;
Lo! the sheep are cleansèd in that flood.
Deacon and part of Choir.
Brethren, take the Blood and Body of the Lord,
Feed in faith on Him, and praise with one accord.
Priest and part of Choir.
Alleluia! Glory be to Him who deigns
Food to grant;—and hear our grateful strains.
Deacon and part of Choir.
"Whoso eateth Me hath life that never dies"
Saith the Lord, and living Bread to all supplies.
Priest and part of Choir.
Alleluia! praise to Him whose Cup we take,
His the Gift, of Life we now partake.
Deacon and part of Choir.
May the dead, O Lord, who here have known Thy grace,
In the day of judgment see Thy loving Face.
Priest and part of Choir.
Lord! receive the gift we proffer at Thy feet;
Bid our loved ones gather near Thy seat.

In Julian's *Dictionary of Hymnology* we read "At an early period a fountain of sacred poetry and song burst forth in Syria, from which there flowed a stream of marvellous fulness." And mention is made of Isaac of Antioch, Bishop Barsauma, Bar Hebræus and other Syrian poets.

"Dear child! whom grace had made so fair."

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.





AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

A rendering of *B'ri habbîba* from the Syriac of St Efrem. Daniel, *Thesaur. Hymnol.*, vol. III., p. 151.

Dear child! whom grace had made so fair,
Thou camest to a world of pain;
Like some spring flower in scorching air,
The hot blast touched thee: thou wast ta'en.
Yet mourn we not, for well I wis,
When thou didst fall, the King's Son saw,
And ran to greet thee with a kiss,
And to the heavenly mansions bore—
We then shall meet once more.

Though nature bids us seek relief
In tears, we grieve not; for death's cal
But took thee home to light, and grief
Befits not that bright tearless hall.
O Lord! we fear to earn Thy blame,
If to those courts where angels sing
We take our suffering and shame;—
Nay, gladly this pure offering,
Our child, to Thee we bring.

That voice now seems of heaven to tell,
And rings in our bewildered ears;
We listen, and remember well
The sweet tones loved in former years.
How could we now give way to tears?
Our child amid the nuptial throng,
A soul redeemed, is freed from fears,
And chants the full Hosanna song;—
"Come, Lord, we tarry long."

Professor Margoliouth of Oxford writes: "Good renderings of Eastern Hymns are a valuable addition to our hymnology."

To St Efrem, the Lyre of the Spirit, as he is often called, the East owes many of its noblest hymns.

THE MEMORIAL OF SAINT MARY.

"Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart."

A rendering of *Alipain la yáda'na*,
"Teach me for I do not know."

Once I heard, when passing by
Bethlehem, the lullaby
Of a mother, who did greet
Her new babe in accents sweet;
Soothingly, caressingly,
O'er the infant nestling nigh,
Did she croon it lovingly,
With a wistful wondering sigh;
That I listened in amaze,
Longing on the sight to gaze;
To my heart the soft tones cling,
In mine ears they still do ring—
'Twas St Mary thus did sing.

Open my lips, O Lord, always,
That I may fitly sing Thy praise;
I cannot tell the mystery—
That which I see not teach Thou me.

My Son! how should I speak to Thee?
My mighty One! what wouldst Thou be?
I would Thy name, Thy greatness, shew—
Oh! teach me what I do not know.

If "Lord" I call Thee, yet Thou art
My child, the darling of my heart,
My kisses press Thy lips and brow—
Oh! teach me, for I know not how.

A "servant" some may think Thee now,
Yet crownèd kings before Thee bow,
And kneel as at a Monarch's throne—
Teach, Lord, what is to me unknown.

And if they own Thee "rich and great"
Yet see how meagre is Thy state,
Thy clothing scant, Thy fare how low!—
Oh! teach me, for I do not know.

If men do call Thee "poor and mean,"
Yet Ophir's gold to Thee hath been
But earthy dross, though all Thine own!—
Lord, teach me, 'tis to me unknown.

"Ancient of days" art Thou? yet born
Into this earth but yestermorn,
Whom now I suckle at my breast!—
Oh! teach me, for Thou knowest best.

If "mine own son" I name Thee now,
Thy father David sings that Thou,
Ere time began, wast God adored—
Alas, I know not, teach me, Lord.

Thy name it is Immanuel,
The Prince, the Head of Israel,
Thus spake the herald Gabriel
"His Name shall be Immanuel."

Grant Thy mercy to the singer,
And to him who tells the tale,
And where listeners throng unknowing,
May Thy pardon never fail;
Where the faithful gather humbly,
O our God, amid their fears,
Shew the boundless love of heaven,
Through the coming of the years.

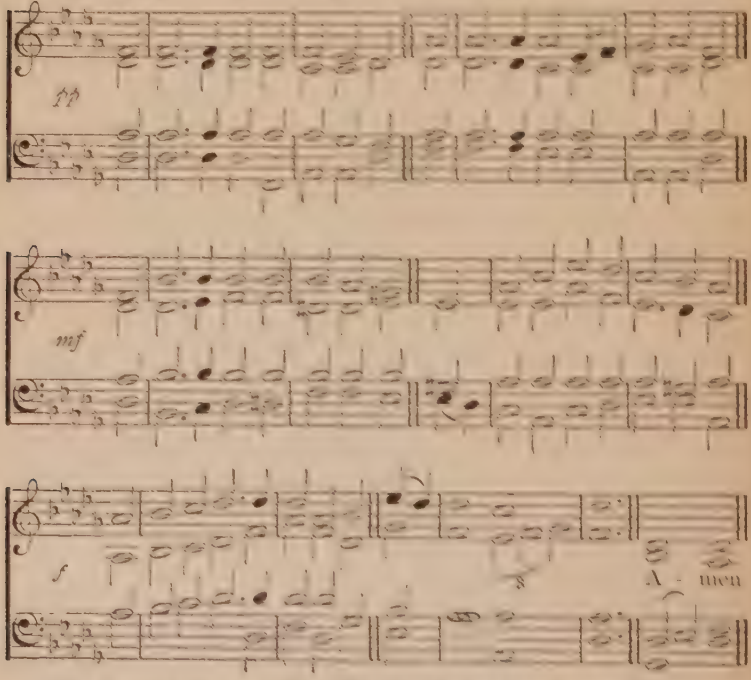
Written by St Efrem.

Hymns of the East Syrian Church.

Hymn for Burial of a Priest.

"Frater requiescas."

Slowly, and, if possible, unaccompanied. Rev. G. W. Griffith.



A CHANT OF THE EAST SYRIAN CHURCH.

A rendering from the *Office for the Burial of a Priest.* See Badger.

The Lord hath summoned thee to rest,
Go, brother, go in peace before!
In life thou hast His cross confessed,
His angel openeth the door;
Hereafter may'st thou rise and stand
At His right hand.

Depart, true priest, 'tis thine to know
The bliss that faithful souls may share;
Thy record is with us below,
Thy name remembered in our prayer;
To that new city, God's abode,
Speed on thy road.

The white-robed bands of Saints descend
To meet thee at the golden gate;
The Seraphin beside thee bend,
And Cherubin before thee wait,
And cry "'Tis not for thee to fear,
Thy home is here."

O Jesu, grant him on that day
The mercy Love hath promisèd;
He ever kept the King's highway,
His foot was where the righteous tread;
May he then hear Thy quickening voice
That bids "Rejoice!"

To Thy great pity we appeal,
Be, Lord, to us compassionate;
And when Thou shalt Thyself reveal
Enthronèd in majestic state,
Guide him and us where we may be
For aye with Thee.

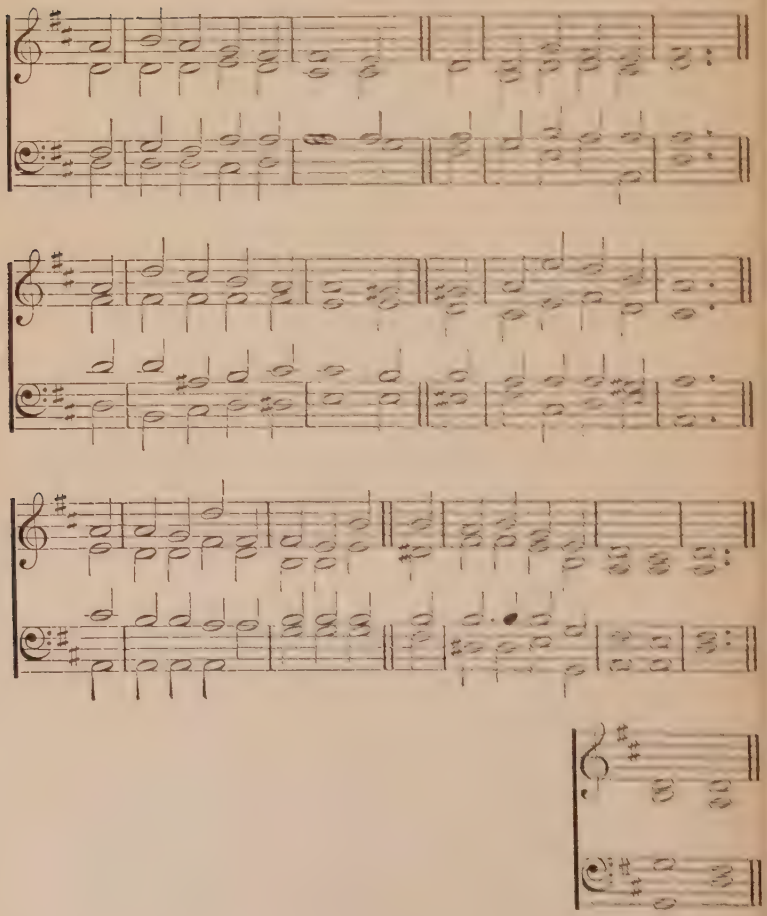
"The above is very characteristic of the plaintive hymns of the Syrian Burial Offices," says the Rev. F. F. Irving, formerly mission priest at Urmi.

The Liturgy of the Assyrian, or East Syrian, Church has been in use for 15 centuries; hithertò written by hand, it is being printed at Urmi and can be obtained from the S.P.C.K. This East Syrian Church was formerly more numerous than all the Churches of the West. The Malabar Church of India is its daughter. It was known to King Alfred, was dear to Laud, and is misliked by Rome. Well may English Churchmen, guided by their Archbishops, feel an interest in, and give help to, this ancient, missionary, and persecuted Church.

"Thy goodness and Thy kindness."

Hodie.

Rev. G. W. Griffith.



AN EVENING HYMN OF THE EAST SYRIAN CHURCH.

Suggested by *The Martyrs' Anthem, Tuesday.*

A rendering of *Mshalim rahteh d'imámá,*
"Perfecter of the course of day."

Thy goodness and Thy kindness
Have been with us to-day;
May Thine unchanging mercies
Still nightly with us stay;
The quiet mind is from above,
Bequeath it to us, King of Love!

Thou hast bestowed the daylight,
The darkness too is Thine;
Oh! may Thy benediction
Abide for ever mine;
And as we sleep in coming hours,
May calmness, rest and peace be ours.

Our country needs Thy patience,
Our Church doth crave Thy care;
Souls sorrowful and lonely
Turn oft to Thee in prayer;
Jesu! we hope to see Thy face,
Oh! make us worthy, in Thy grace.

See Dean Maclean's *East Syrian Daily Offices*, p. 29.

THE CHURCH.

"Christ loved the Church, and gave Himself for it."
"He that hath the Bride is the Bridegroom."

A free rendering of *Shubkha Ṭrakhmaik Mshikha malkan*,
"*Glory to Thy mercies, Messiah our King.*"

His the glory, His the honour,
High and low, recount His praise,
Tell it out among the nations
How the Christ in ancient days
Left His home, His Father's side,
Sought and found and won His Bride.

In the far-off land He found her,
And she gave to Him her heart,
For His love is everlasting,
That nor life nor death can part;
There, to win her troth, He died,
There for her was crucified.

O our King! fulfil Thy promise,
Bring her where no taint of sin,
Where no sadness and no blemish,
Where no stain can enter in;
Keep her ever at Thy side,
Bring her home, Thy faithful Bride.

'Tis the Church Thou hast redeemèd,
Shield her with Thy strong right arm
From the malice of the foemen,
From their tyranny and harm;
For the enemy is near,
Hating what to Thee is dear.

Perfect then Thy new creation
With the grace that shall endure,
E'en amid temptation growing
Still more stately and more pure,
Till by sorrow sanctified
She become Thy holy Bride.

By the love of her espousals,
By all suffering turned to joy,
By the discipline that teacheth
Earthly pleasures do but cloy,
Through all changes be the Guide
Of the Church, Thy glorious Bride.

Peace be hers, within her temples;
Strength be hers, her walls to guard;
May her holiness and beauty
By no evil thing be marred;
Through all perils, Saviour, guide
To Thy heaven Thy crownèd Bride.

See Festival Night Service, *East Syrian Daily Offices*, p. 158, by Mar George, Metropolitan of Nisibis.

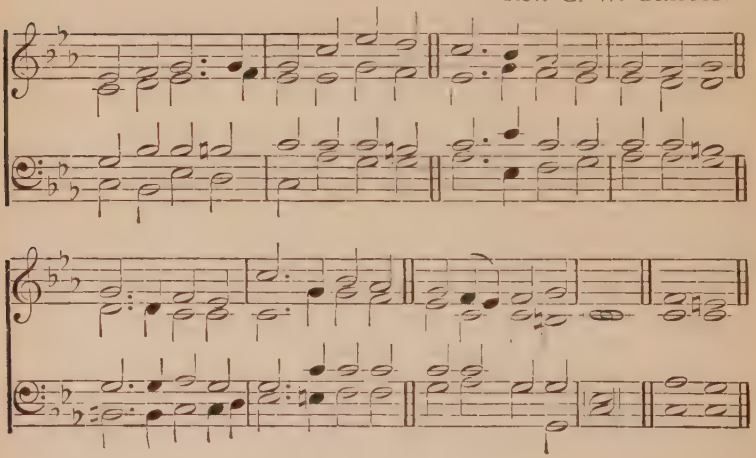
The Rev. F. F. Irving says, "In the *East Syrian Daily Offices* the Anthems and hymns on pp. 16, 23, 24—29, 35, 49, Tishbukhta 161, 168, 189, 221, the striking Month hymns 229—235, the beautiful traveller's prayer 252, and those in the Liturgy p. 3, the Lakhumara, and pp. 34—5, and many of those in the Khudhra, the Geza and other Service-books, might well be put into an English dress for use in our Services."

Hymns of the Coptic Church.

"As the lightning."

Ut fulgor.

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



CHANT OF THE COPTIC CHURCH FOR ADVENT.

Rendered from *Versicles of the Coptic Church*, pp. 79, 80,
by the Rev. S. C. Malan, D.D.

As the lightning through the darkness
Flashes on the startled eye,
Wilt Thou come, O Christ our Master!
In the opening sky.

We shall see Thee in the heavens,
See the clouds before Thee fall,
And the glory of Thine Advent
Will our souls appal.

Sun and moon, before Thee darkened,
Shall withdraw their fading light,
Men and Angels veil their faces
Dazzled at the sight.

As the thief by night approacheth
At a sudden unknown hour,
We shall know not of Thy coming,
Nor foresee Thy power.

Swift shall speed the mighty Angels,
Gathering from the four winds all,
All the chosen to Thy right hand,
At the trumpet's call.

Jesu! O our Lord! within us
Plant the upright, thankful heart,
Grant us mercy, in Thy kingdom
With the saints a part.

Pardon then, although the tyrant
Hosts of hell our ruin plan—
Will we take the cross and follow
Thee, O Son of Man.

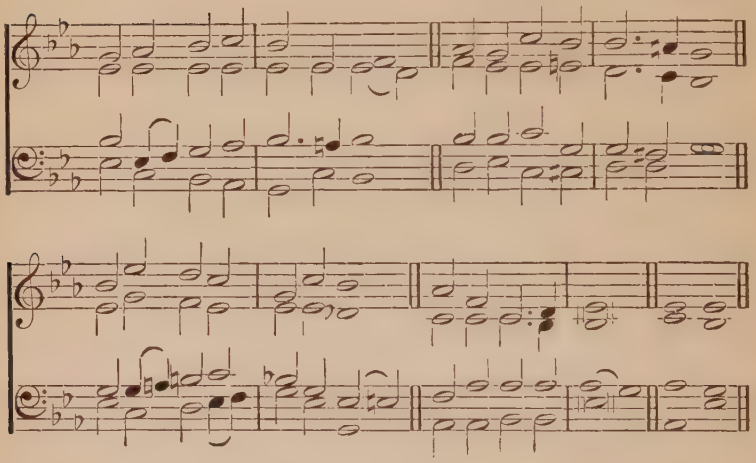
Father! help Thine awestruck children.
Saviour! say "There yet is room,"
Holy Spirit! make us ready
For the hour of doom.

Dr Malan translated the "Hymn-odes" from a Coptic MS. lent to him by the Rev. R. W. Wright, Vicar of Norton Cuckney. Where is this MS. now?

"Look, Lord, with a pitying eye."

Da mihi lacrimas.

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



HYMNS OF THE COPTIC CHURCH.

Compare *Matins of the Coptic Church*, Lord Bute's, pp. 141—2, with the Greek hymn in the Ἀπόδειπνον Service of the Greek Church Δάκρυά μοι δός. Horologion, p. 160.

Look, Lord! with a pitying eye
On my sin, remorse and pain;
Life doth pass and I must die,
What then is my gain?

Naught avails that I have done,
All is poverty and shame,
Thou Thy mercy hast begun;
Master! dost Thou blame?

Saviour! grant me anguish keen,
Grant me tears, the contrite cry,
As to her, the Magdalene,
In her misery.

Cleanse my soul and bid me stay,
Kneel, and weep, and wash Thy feet;
Thou hast taught me thus to pray,
Make me yet more meet.

I would bring Thee offerings rare,
Myrrh and gems would give to Thee;
Thou hast saved me from despair;
Grant me purity.

Saviour! let me hear the voice,
"Thou hast loved me,—Go in peace,
Pardoned art thou—Child! rejoice,
Let thine anguish cease."

Glory to the Father be;
Glory, Jesu! be to Thee;
Glory, Holy Ghost! to Thee:
Sacred Trinity.

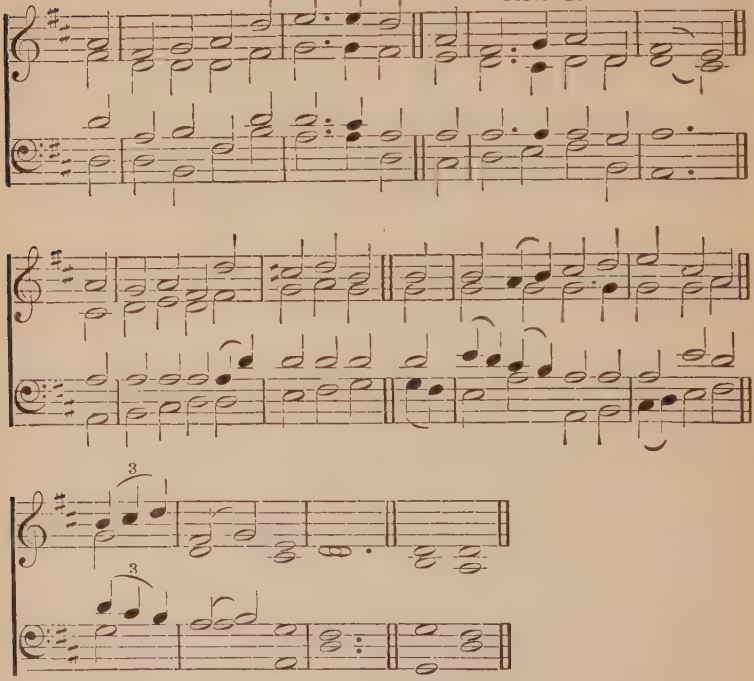
Can anyone give the Coptic first lines of these two hymns, and say where he took them from?

Hymns of the Armenian Church.

"Let all the world bless Jesus Christ."

Benedicat mundus Christo.

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



A HYMN OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCH.

Zthagavoren paratz Christos.

See C. E. Hammond's *Liturgies*, pp. 141, 142, 152, 165.

Compare F. E. Brightman's *Liturgies*, pp. 417, 421, 423, 424.

Let all the world bless Jesus Christ,
Let all His praises sing,
He made the heavens, He made the earth,
And worship, honour, thanks we bring
To Christ our King.

O Word of God! Immortal Son,
Thou didst consent to make
Thine earthly home in mortal flesh,
And human nature to partake;
All for our sake;

Jesu! our God! Who on the Cross
Didst bow the dying head,
And by that agony hast slain
The foe we fear, the death we dread;
O mercy shed!

Yea, pour the riches of Thy grace,
Thy blessing on us pour;
We take the Body and the Blood,
And in Thy presence we adore
Thee more and more.

O Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
Thy Majesty on high,
Thy Glory on the earth we know;
We wait Thy triumph in the sky,
Thy coming nigh.

Compare *Liturgia Armenica* with an Italian translation, Venice, 1837, and *Liturgy of the Holy Apostolic Church of Armenia*, in Armenian and English, by the Rev. the Archimandrite Essaie, 1887. [Gilbert and Rivington.]

Our hymn-books possess few Eastern hymns.

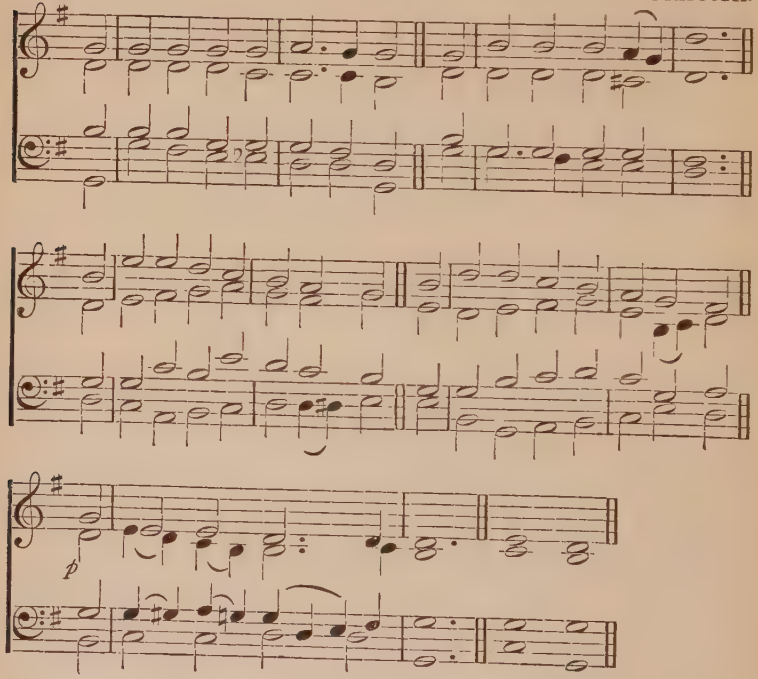
Will not some good hymn-writer give the Church of England translations from the Armenian hymns? They have been turned into Russian.

"O God, unsearchable art Thou."

O Deus inscrutabilis.

Slowly

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



A HYMN OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCH.

A rendering of *Khorhourd Khorin.*

While the Priests are robing, the Choir sing.

O God! unsearchable art Thou,
Mysterious are Thy ways,
Thy home is in the dazzling light,
'Mid Angel Spirits flashing bright
Where mortals cannot gaze.

Thy wondrous power created man,
And Adam was Thy care;
He stood, in Thine own image made,
In glorious majesty arrayed,
Within the garden fair.

Thou didst send forth Thine only Son,
That He, by suffering, might
That Eden win, where all mankind
Their immortality may find,
And wear the raiment white.

To us Thy Holy Spirit send;
Pour, Lord, the rain of fire,
Which erst on Thine Apostles came;
That we may, touched by Wisdom's flame,
Be robed in saints' attire.

Gird us with truth and holiness,
O ever Holy Lord!
For holiness becomes the place,
Where in the beauty of Thy grace
Thou art on earth adored.

The stars arose, as Thou didst stretch
Thine arms, Lord! to the sky;
Strengthen the feeble hands we raise,
When to the Church we shew Thy praise,
Or plead for her on high.

Bind every thought and sense we have,
As this tire binds the head;
And may the stole that girds the heart
Due honour to Thy house impart;
O Lord of quick and dead.

That we may fitly serve Thy Church,
Equip us from above;
O keep her stablished, settled, pure;
To all who seek Thee peace ensure,
Thou sovereign God of Love.

Tune "Engedi," 492, in *Hymns A. & M.*

See *Liturgy of the Holy Apostolic Church of Armenia*, p. 13, by the Archimandrite Essaie Asdvadzadouriants. [Gilbert and Rivington.] This contains thoughts not common in our hymn-books.

See also Brightman's *Liturgies*, p. 412.

A CHANT OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCH.

A rendering of *Hais hark newiranatz.*

See *Lyturgia Armena*, Rome, 1677, and *Liturgia Armena*, Venice, 1837.

Compare the Archimandrite Essaie's *Liturgy of the Church of Armenia*, p. 37.

In these sacred courts adoring,
Here our gifts and offerings storing,
Here our vows and psalms outpouring,
As the incense upward soaring,
Bending low we pray.
Thou hast robed Thy Church in splendour;
Like the saints of old we render
Homage, and our all surrender;
Humbly asking Thee to send Her
Grace from heaven this day.

Thus we take our ordered station,
Bending low in adoration,
Hushed in silent meditation;
Guard our Church, O guard our Nation,
With Thy hallowing sword.
Here we yield us to Thy pleasure,
Here Thy mystic gifts we treasure;
Who that sacrifice can measure?
Leave us not in keen displeasure,
Stay Thou with us, Lord!

See Brightman's *Eastern Liturgies*, p. 418.

F. C. Conybeare, Esq., of University College, Oxford, writes: "The Armenian hymns are very numerous, the oldest and best are little known." The Rev. Theodore Isaac of the Armenian Church, Manchester, writes: "The Armenian Church is rich in hymns, and they have not been sufficiently studied by English Churchmen. Any efforts to introduce them into the English Church are extremely praiseworthy. I hope that you will continue your labours in making known to your countrymen the beautiful poetry of the Armenian Church."

WESTERN CHURCH HYMNS

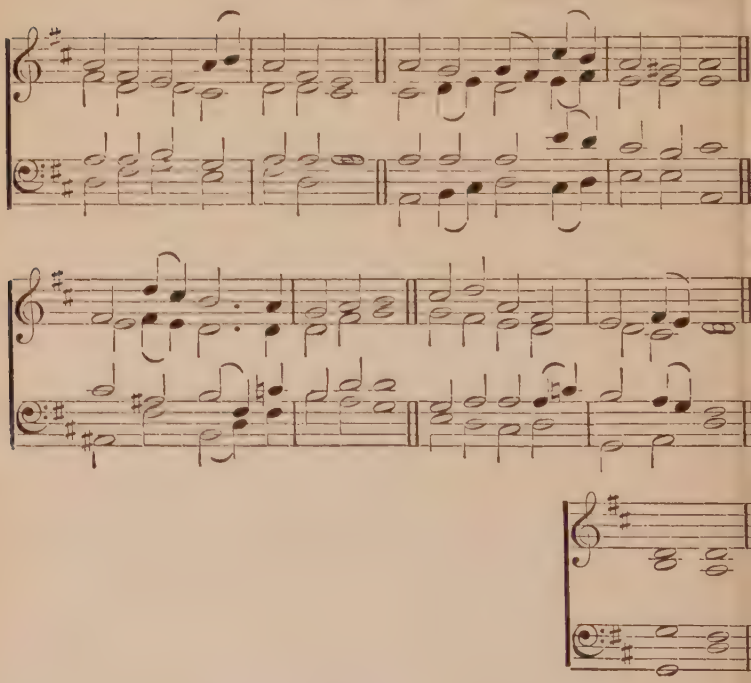
Hymns of the Church of Ireland.

ECCLESIA CELTICA.

"Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

Lorica Fidei.

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



THE CHRISTIAN'S ARMOUR.

ST PATRICK'S "BREASTPLATE."

A rendering of

Atomriug indiu niurt trén togairm Trinoit,

"*I rise to-day with a strong power, an invocation of the Trinity.*",

Whitley Stokes' *Goidelica*, pp. 149—156 and Dr Todd's *St Patrick*, p. 426. March 17 is St Patrick's Day.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!
May Thine overshadowing might
Be as armour to my soul,
Be my weapon in the fight.

Saviour Jesu! by Thy birth,
By Thy cross and open grave,
By Thy rising to Thy throne,
By Thy advent soon to save,

May the hand and power of God,
May His wisdom guide me well,
May His word and sheltering host
Thwart the witcheries of hell.

Shield Thy soldier at his post
'Gainst the venom, fire, and sword;
Let no deadly foeman crush
One who seeks but Thy reward.

Christ be with me; be around;
Christ be in me; be before;
On the right hand, on my left,
Shew Thy presence more and more.

In the mouth of him who speaks,
In the watching eye and ear,
In the heart that loves me well,
Be Thou, Saviour! ever near.

Thou salvation art, O Christ!
Lord! our only Saviour Thou;
May Thy saving might be ours
Through the coming years, as now.

Tune "Canterbury," 182, in *Hymns A. & M.*

St Patrick lived in the fifth century, A.D. He was the great Apostle of Ireland, and is now her Patron Saint. He was born near Dumbarton, and had a burning zeal to win converts to Christ. He built churches, and became the great Missionary to the Irish. He is the Founder of the Irish Church, and wrote this Hymn, which he called his "Lorica" or "Breastplate."

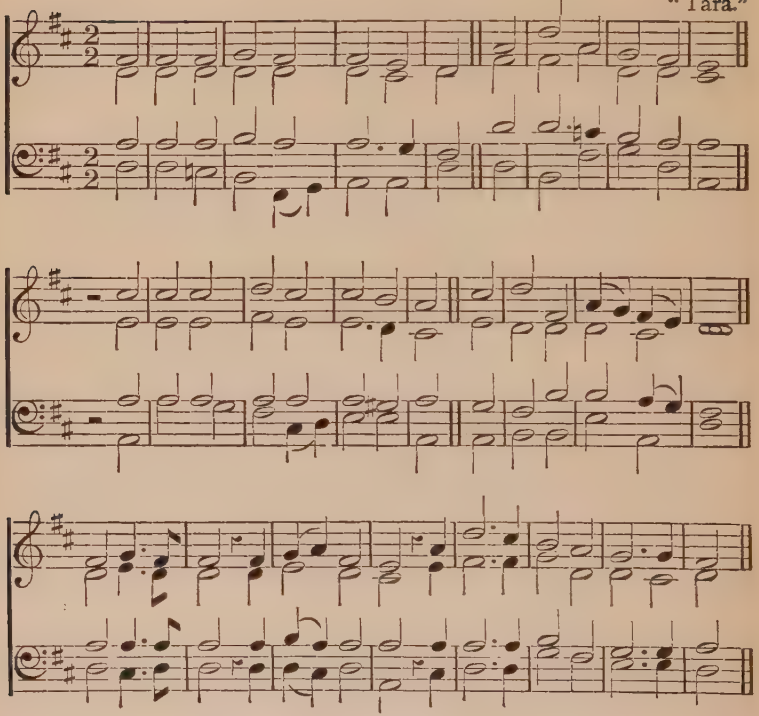
The above rendering was made and printed before Mrs Alexander published her translation in the Hymnal Appendix of the Irish Church. A popular rendering to be loved by every Irishman is still needed.

See *Liber Hymnorum* edited by J. H. Bernard and R. Atkinson, vol. I. p. 133, vol. II. pp. 49 and 208.

St Columba's Hymn of Trust.

"Alone, with none."

"Tara."



ST COLUMBA'S HYMN OF TRUST.

Rendered from *M'oenurán dam isin sliab*,
"Alone upon the Mountain."

Alone, with none but Thee, my God,
I journey on the way;
What need I fear when Thou art near?
O King of night and day!
More safe am I within Thy hand
Than if a host did by me stand.

My destined time is fixed by Thee,
And Death doth know his hour;
Did warriors strong around me throng
They could not stay his power.
No walls of stone can man defend,
When Thou Thy messenger shalt send.

My life I yield to Thy decree,
And bow to Thy control,
In peaceful calm, for from Thine arm
No power can wrest my soul.
Could earthly omens e'er appal
A heart that heeds the heavenly call?

The child of God need fear no ill,
His chosen dread no foe;
We leave our fate with Thee, and wait
Thy bidding where we go.
'Tis not from chance our courage springs,
Thou art "Our Trust," O King of Kings!

See O'Curry's Lectures, *Materials of Irish History*, Dublin, 1861, p. 329. And *Irish Archæological Society*, Appendix, p. 598, No. 97.

St Columba, 521—597 A.D., the Apostle of Scotland, and one of Ireland's greatest sons. When young he was a soldier, and having lost a battle, and being blamed, he turned to God, and prayed that he might win as many souls for Him as he had lost men in the last fight. So he went to Iona, and made that island a home for Bishops, Priests, and earnest workers. Here he received and taught the persecuted British, and from this Training College he sent out Missionaries and Leaders into Scotland and Northumbria. He was, too, a Statesman and a Poet. Montalembert says, in *Monks of the West*, vol. II. p. 23, "Columba fled chanting the Song of Trust which is among the most authentic relics of the ancient Irish tongue." Professor Kuno Meyer, of University College, Liverpool, writes, "Many of the Old-Irish Church hymns, both in Latin and Irish, are very beautiful, and those in the *Liber Hymnorum* and 'Speckled' Book well deserve being translated again and again."

And see Whitley Stokes's *Goidelica*.

Some of the hymns in the *Antiphonary of Bangor* ed. by Rev. F. E. Warren, Bradshaw Soc. vols. IV. and X., might well be translated.

HYMN TO ST MICHAEL.

From the Irish of *Maelisu hua Brolchain*, or "*The Servant of Jesus*"—1086 A.D.
A rendering of "*A aingil.*"

Angel King!
Michael, great in miracles,
To the throne my pleading bring.

Hearest thou?
Ask of God the pardoner
Pardon for me, ask it now!

On thy wings
Bring my prayer, my piteous prayer
To the King, the King of kings.

To my soul
Grant help, Oh! bring strengthening,
In thy coming soothe, console.

Sure and strong
In my soul's behalf, that waits,
Come with that great Angel throng.

Soldier-Saint,
In a world profane, perverse,
Hold me, help me, lest I faint.

This my cry
Scorn not, Oh! forsake me not,
While I live be ever nigh.

Thee I choose,
Thee to save me, thee to free,
Soul and body lest I lose.

Tried in tryst,
Tower of triumph, trophy-crowned,
Smiter thou of Anti-Christ!

This was sent to me by Mr Walter J. Purton. The metre of the Irish hymn is peculiar and unusual. He translated it from the text printed by Prof. Kuno Meyer in his edition of the *Cath Finntrága*, p. 88.

Lovers of the Irish Church will find many hymns to translate of sounder doctrine than this.

Hymns of the British Church.

ECCLESIA BRITANNORUM.

ST KENTIGERN,

BISHOP AND CONFESSOR, SIXTH CENTURY.

A rendering of *Rex Confessorum Inclyte. Aberdeen Breviary*, 13 January.

Redeemer of the world, and Fount of grace!
King of the brave, who dare confess Thee here;
He, whom we mourn, hath run his earthly race,
And now among the Saints beholds Thee near.

We mourn for one the Hope of Britain's land,
The Cymry's Glory, and the Pride of Wales,
One who held dear his own ancestral strand,
Her rugged mountains and her winsome vales.

Llanelwy loved her gentle Bishop's sway,
And Glasgow welcomed back her Prelate bold,
Whose burning loyalty and zeal alway
Drew erring hearts to seek a Saviour's fold.

Stern to himself, to all around him kind,
His life a daily martyrdom on earth,
He strove by fast and prayer to lift the mind
To grasp the wonders of its heavenly birth.

A hair-shirt his, the stubborn flesh to tame;
The Psalter on his lips and in his heart;
He pleased God; and Angel voices came
To cheer the lone Saint in his cell apart.

The servant now the Master's face doth see,
And Kentigern hath reached the realm of light;
O Jesu! to Thy saving care we flee,
For we still linger in the gloom of night.

All glory to the Father be,
The Spirit, and the Son,
To God—the Holy Trinity,
The Undivided One.

ST KENTIGERN,

BISHOP AND CONFESSOR, DIED 13 JANUARY, 612 A.D.

A free rendering of *Fulget clara festivitas*, from the *Aberdeen Breviary*.

Kentigern—in fond remembrance
Still we keep his feast to-day,
When our noblest British Prelate
Passed from earth away.

Joy—for he in peace is resting;
Weep yet for him far and wide,
Let the coronach be chanted
Sadly through Strathclyde.

Flower of Scotland's bravest chieftains;
Born to princely power and place;
Mark him 'mid the Glasgow burghers
With his gentle grace.

Mark how Lothian clansmen gathering
Humbly greet him as their lord
With the reverence men proffer
To a Saint adored.

Ardent, fearless, uncomplaining,
Patiently he stemmed the might
Of the persecuting heathen,
And the foes of light.

Christ-like courtesy and meekness
Stamped their beauty on his face;
And the splendour of his goodness
Hath enriched our race.

Well the Cumbrian statesmen knew him,
As he journeyed through their dales,
Bearing words of strength and comfort
For the Church of Wales.

At the foot of lofty Skiddaw,
Where the Greta nears the lake,
You may see the hallowed building
Raised for Cyndeyrn's sake.

By his Cross it stands, to witness
How God's message from above
Hath awaked through all the ages
Faith and Hope and Love.

There have souls, enslaved by Satan,
Wilful, struggling, sin-oppressed,
Made to Christ the full surrender;
Gaining peace and rest.

There the dead—who live for ever—
Known and unknown 'neath the sod,
Peasant, poet, miner, dalesman,
Wait the morn of God.

Lord! we give to Thee the honour,
And we bless Thee, Who didst send
Such a noble-hearted Bishop
As the Briton's friend.

St Kentigern, or St Cyndeyrn, as the Welsh call him, was born in North Britain, and educated by Servanus of the Irish Church. He founded the Bishopric of Glasgow, and was Primate of Strathclyde. When driven into exile, he retired into Wales, and was made Bishop of Llanelwy, or St Asaph. He afterwards returned to his Bishopric of Glasgow, and died about 612 A.D. So gentle was he that men called him "St Mungo" or "The Loveable."

The above are not Hymns written by a British Churchman, but were written at a later age. The Saxons destroyed churches, schools and all British Church Office-books. In consequence there are no British Church Office-books remaining. Bede hardly realises that he belonged to the conquering race. Had a British historian left us an account, we should have heard the other side of the story. Some persons now complain that the British Christians did not set up a Missionary Society to teach the Saxons. Cadoc and St Patrick did their best, and doubtless others did too, but do the conquered usually convert their conquerors?

Hymns of the Anglo-Saxon Church.

ECCLESIA ANGLORUM.

"God created the heaven and the earth."

A rendering of *Nu scylun hergan Hefaenrices Weard*,
"*Now shall we praise Heaven's Realm-Warden.*"
CÆDMON.

We praise the King of realms on high,
What wonders He hath wrought,
His might is blazoned on the sky,
And Heaven reveals His thought.

He shaped the welkin as a dome
O'er us His sons below,
And formed the earth to be our home;
O God! Thy power we know.

We bow before the holy sight
Of One who reigns sublime,
And yield us to Thy sovereign might;
Eternal Lord of time!

Tune "Weybridge," 32, in *Hymns A. & M.*

See Bede's *History*, Bk. IV. ch. 24, and Professor Earle's *Anglo-Saxon Literature*, p. 101.—S.P.C.K.)

Cædmon was the first poet of the Anglo-Saxon Church; a "divinely-inspired singer, the father of a school of English poetry." SS. Cuthbert, Boniface, Bede, and Alcuin were influenced by him;—he lived in the 7th century at St Hilda's Abbey, at Whitby, and wrote a sort of Paradise Lost and Regained, which Milton probably read.

ASCENSIONTIDE.

A rendering of *Hymnum canamus gloriae*, VEN. BEDE.

New hymns and praise to-day we bring,
This day new anthems would we sing,
For Christ the new highway hath trod,
And this day reached the throne of God.

He, who, by dying, death o'ercame,
Who found on earth but scorn and shame,
Hath passed in triumph gloriously,
Begirt with power, beyond the sky.

To heaven the grand triumphal throng
Of Angel-Spirits moved along,
Attendant hosts! who marched to greet
Their Monarch at His kingly seat.

To see that glory in the sky
The Apostles gaze with longing eye,
As with the Mother of their Lord
They tread the mount from whence He soared.

Watching, whilst now the clouds He parts,
With kindling eyes and joyous hearts,
They follow past yon glittering dome
The Lord of time unto His home.

Ascending from that sacred hill,
Beyond their sight He rises still;
Then claims, as God's eternal Son,
The place of honour He hath won.

Jesu! Redeemer ever kind,
Thou only Saviour of mankind,
Amid Thy servants true, we pray,
May we be numbered on that day.

Fill us with all Thy Spirit's grace;
Then, Lord, reveal Thy Father's face;
That sight shall make the sad heart whole,
And satisfy the longing soul.

Tune "Eisenach," 479, in *Hymns A. & M.*

See *York Breviary*.

Hymn 68 in *Hymnal Noted* appears to be from some other Latin version. This is from Rambach's *Anthologie*.

The Ven. Bede lived 673—735.

THE LAMENT FOR ST CUTHBERT.

Magnus miles mirabilis.

(In the *Anglo-Saxon Hymnary* (Durham), page 68.)

Our saintly warrior rests at last
In God's eternal peace;
His joy hath come, his fight is past,
And he hath gained release.

In all his deeds the Lord he sought,
And centred there his love;
Earth's fleeting gifts he held as naught;
Faith drew that heart above.

No fleshly passions could hold sway
Where burned the heavenly flame;
He kept his Lord's behests alway,
Rejoicing in His Name.

His was the large translucent mind
That swept all mists away;
Truth shone, within his soul enshrined,
With clearer light each day.

Upon the dry and barren North,
As raindrops from above,
His meek words fell, and streams gushed forth
Of penitence and love.

The stony heart, the hardened face
Strove with him, but in vain;
God's seed he sowed, and by God's grace
Garnered the hallow grain.

He taught the unfettered tongue to praise
Jesus the Crucified;
That calm, serene, and earnest gaze
Drew myriads to his side.

Our English Church needs saintly souls,
Like leaders lacks she still;
The thunder of the war still rolls:
Who comes his place to fill?

By Holy Isle, by Bambrough's shore,
Along the banks of Wear,
Where Tyne and Tweed their waters pour,
We learnt our God to fear;

Learnt how the Christ His brethren sought,
How loving hearts are one;
Lord, may we fight the foes he fought,
And win men as he won!

[1]While we, before the mighty dead,
That wondrous life recall;
May grace like his on us be shed,
His mantle on us fall.

So shall we praise Thee, Born of None!
Thee, Born to bring us nigh!
Thee, Holy Spirit! Three in One!
To all eternity.

Tune "St Bernard," 112, in *Hymns A. & M.*

St Cuthbert—687 A.D.

Who wrote this lament over the mighty dead? Was it Bede? or Alcuin? or what English Northumbrian Churchman?

[1] The watchers by his death-bed were chanting the 50th psalm.

AN EVENING HYMN FOR THE YOUNG.

Rendered from *Luminis fons, lux et origo lucis*, ALCUIN.

O Christ! our Light, O Fount of light!
Our sin is dark, and dark our night,
Hear these our prayers, and on us shine,
Thou Light Divine.

Thy sovereign power did us create,
Thy grace redeemed our lost estate,
To us, to all, with loving mind
Jesu! be kind.

'Tis Faith that brings us to Thy knee,
The Hope of one day seeing Thee,
'Tis Love undying draws us near,
Good Master! hear.

Our toil is done, and evening's hour
Finds us protected by Thy power;
Thus grateful thanks to Thee we pay
For this Thy day.

The Sun hath sunk, and Night is here,
O may that Sun—whose radiance clear
Warms Angel hosts to holiest praise—
Send forth His rays.

Put, gracious Saviour! far away
The known and unknown faults of day,
That we, with cleansèd mind and breast
May seek our rest.

On Thee be every burden cast;
With Thee each waking hour be passed;
May every act and thought fulfil
Thy kingly will.

May these tired limbs, from night's long rest,
Rise for the morning's work refreshed;
And may our bodies ever be
Pure homes for Thee.

Six days our weekly tasks we ply;
The seventh we seek Thy rest on high:
Lord! while earth's joys and duties call,
Be Thou our All.

See Rambach's *Anthologie*, vol. I. p. 197.

A MORNING HYMN OF PRAISE.

Rendered from *Te homo laudet Alme Creator*, ALCUIN.

May every child of man,
Creator kind!
In praise do all he can,
With heart and mind,
With peaceful mind and loving heart:
Because he is a living part
Of this world, Thou hast made,
Let thanks be duly paid.

But more, he is Thy son,
Born from above,
Hallowed, redeemed and won
By Thy great love,
O Father, Saviour, Holy Ghost!
In Christ our Lord we see Thee most:
To Him, Thine image fair,
We bring our praise and prayer.

So may we ever dwell
With Thee secure;
Our soul's true citadel
Cleansèd and pure:
O God! our Light! may Thy praise still
These tongues and hearts with joy fulfil,
To love Thee more and more,
To love Thee evermore.

Alcuin 735—804 A.D. was an Englishman, a Northumbrian, a follower of the Ven. Bede the hymn-writer, and a friend of Charlemagne who also wrote hymns. He was a master in Egbert's school at York.

FOR LENT.

JESUS FASTED.

A rendering of *Summe Salvator omnium*, from the *Anglo-Saxon Hymnary*. Surtees Society, vol. XXIII. p. 65.

O Jesu! Saviour of mankind!
Who art so good to us who sin,
These Lenten weeks recall to mind
That fast, with which Thou didst begin
Our souls to win.

One plea is ours this hallowed hour,
Grant us the pure and chastened heart,
That o'er these bodies shall have power,
Shall force the Tempter to depart,
And foil his art.

By baits alluring to the flesh,
He wrought our parents' misery,
And thrust us, tangled in his mesh,
In these hot prison walls to lie,
Longing to die.

Redeemed by Thee upon the Cross,
And children of Thy Church, we pray,
Thou wilt not sentence us to loss,
Nor suffer us through pain to stray
From Thee away.

We languish in this poisoned air,
We are sore wounded by the foe,
Our souls, our bodies, crave Thy care,
For Thou alone canst health bestow,
And cure our woe.

Thou didst Thy pitying glances throw,
Where Job in dust and ashes sate,
Perplexèd at his overthrow,
And humbly pleading at Thy gate
Against blind fate.

O Father!—Son!—O Holy Ghost!
O God! whose name we bear,
Grant us this Lent what we need most,
A contrite thankful heart whene'er
We kneel in prayer.

A "PSALM TO GOD" BY KING ALFRED.

Rendered from M. Tupper's *Anglo-Saxon, and translation of King Alfred's poems*, BOSWORTH.

O God! our Maker, throned on high,
The earth is Thine, and Thine the sky,
The adoring Sun obeys Thy will,
And countless stars Thy laws fulfil.

The lengthening light of summer day,
The winter frost, Thy power display,
Nature proclaims Thy sovereign skill;
Man, and man only, spurns Thy will.

Almighty Lord! Thy purpose shew,
We crave Thy pity here below.
Why should the sinner prosperous be?
Why loss escape by Thy decree?

The wicked sit on earth's high seat,
And tread the holy 'neath their feet,
Good goes so crookedly astray,
Bright deeds lie hidden oft away.

The sinner scorns the wise and just,
The men of right, the men of trust;
He cloaks his oath and lies in fraud,
And scatheless reaps no meet reward.

If thus uncheck'd, unguided still
We journey heedless of Thy will,
All worldly men must doubt Thy might
And few can in Thy rule delight.

Great God! who seest from above,
Regard us with Thy pitying love,
Perplexed by doubts, with toil and strife
We ask more Light—we long for Life.

A POEM BY KING ALFRED.

A rendering from the Anglo-Saxon. See Bosworth, v. and VII., Tupper's Edition.

Behind the mist the Sun is shining;
Those seething waves are now declining;
The torrent—that but now did chide,
Chafing against the cliff's rough side—
Doth gently glide.

Our souls, upheaved and tossed by sorrow,
Mist-blind can see no bright to-morrow;
Thou shewest, Lord, Thy holy will,
Bidding us shun the joys that still
Bring only ill.

Wisdom our unbelief is shaming,
Thy wisdom anxious thought is blaming,
Why, hopeless, should we court despair?
Why yield to grief? Why cling to care
We need not share?

Why should we be by pride elated?
Why meekness scorn, by bounty sated?
Why weakly deem—by misery crushed—
Or torn by fears—that evil must
O'erwhelm our trust?

Oppressed by sin and suffering ever—
Like poor, like rich,—we cannot sever
The swarthy clouds that shroud our eyes,
Till Thou, Eternal Sun, arise
With brighter skies.

Saviour! the world, our souls enslaving,
Is vain, while we true bliss are craving;
Grant us, O Christ! who lowly art,
That, which from Thee can ne'er depart,
The humble heart.

Our afterworld is heaven. So pleading,
Earth's weal or woe alike unheeding,
Father! we ask Thee, ever kind,
Here grant Thy peace—the quiet mind
We long to find.

MANY MARTYRS.

A rendering of the Latin hymn *Sanctorum meritis inclita gaudia*, in the Sarum *Breviary*, and in Daniel's *Thesaur. Hymnol.*, I. 203.

Brethren, tell with exultation
How the Saints their joys have won;
Sing with heartfelt emulation,
Tell the deeds that they have done,
Victors in a noble contest,
Winners in a race well run;

How the world, of them unworthy,
All their love with hate repaid;
For they spurned its barren splendour,
And they saw its garlands fade,
As they trod the narrow foot-track
Which their heavenly King had made.

Lord! for Thee they bore the fury,
Threats and blows of murderous men,
For Thy sake they passed unflinching
To the rending lions' den;
They but sought a better country,
And by faith they saw Thee then.

They were slain with cruel weapons
By Thy foes, as sheep are slain,
Yet they murmured not at suffering,
Nor in peril would complain;
Calm and loyal, they were patient
In the midst of mortal pain.

Who, then, can recount their honours,
Thy rewards of high renown?
See! their blood-stained brows are glistening
With the wreath and golden crown;
And to greet Thy faithful martyrs
From Thy throne Thou steppest down.

Mighty God! we, loving children,
Pray Thee for like constancy;
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit,
Cleanse us, heal us, make us free,
Grant Thy peace. Then through the ages
Thy full glory may we see.

Author unknown, 8th century. Was he an English Churchman?

THE DREAM OF THE HOLY ROOD.

A rendering of the Anglo-Saxon Poem of CYNEWULF,
Circa A.D. [illegible]

Ho, Brethren, list the dream I tell,
The best that e'er to man befell,
How, when the world was hushed to rest,
And men lay still by sleep oppressed,
Amid the visions of the night,
Before me rose a wondrous sight;
I dreamt a Tree of golden light
With radiant splendour glistening bright
Was borne upon the air;
Methought the four arms glimmered bare,
Save that on each a jewel rare
Flamed on the night a ruddy glare;
And five gems clustered, whence they sprung,
All ruby-red
Above my head:
'Twas thus the Beacon-Ensign hung.

I saw the Fair-Ones[1] in the sky,
With Spirits of the holy dead,
Intent upon the mystery;
And all that saintly were—'tis said—
All who by nobleness were led,
All on our earth
Of heavenly birth,
Cast longing looks on high.

It was a fearsome sight for me:
While I was stained with sin, that Tree
With gems bewreathed was bright to see;
And yet anon it changed its hue,
On it lay water, drops of dew:

[1] The Angels.

E'en as I gazed, it seemed to soar
Like some dark Rood—all sullied o'er
With blood that dripped—Now fair to see,
Now like a cross of infamy,
'Twas wonderful exceedingly!
Forsooth it was our Saviour's tree!
As thus I lay in thought profound
Upon mine ear there broke a sound;
As I beheld, a rueful man,
To speak the Holy Rood began.

"Long years have passed since foemen hewed
And felled me where I stood;
They bore me to the hill of scorn,
Far from my native wood.
'Twas there I saw the Lord of Hosts
Ascend in princely might,
I felt His limbs upon me stretched;
Earth trembled at the sight;
Resolved to rescue lost mankind
The steadfast Hero came,
And strong in His Almighty power
Embraced the tree of shame.
He touched me with His hand of love,
I thrilled in every arm,
Yet durst not scathe the murderous band,
Nor shelter Him from harm.

With Him I bore that outrage sore,
I felt the driven nail,
I saw the blood that from His wounds
Upwelled as life did fail;
Oh, wan and fearful was the shade,
For day had turned to night;
And ministering Spirits rose,
And Nature quaked in fright

The King, the Ruler of the world,
The Christ was on the Cross,
The Lord of life was lying dead:
Creation wept her loss.

"Then came the noble and the good;
I saw them reach the mound,
And lift Him from my baleful arms,
To lay Him on the ground;
Almighty God in human form,
Now that the strife was done,
Did rest His weary limbs on earth,
As sank the evening sun;
And friends with loving care did watch
Beside that sacred head,
And some went forth to seek a tomb
Where they might lay the dead:
They carved the bright stone for a grave
And, as they bare Him, wept,
And clear, the rocks and vales among,
The mournful cadence swept:
With dirge and chant and holy psalm
The Master forth was borne,
They set Him to His rest awhile:
Then turned them home forlorn.

"But on us three the soldiers rushed,
—On me the Prince had hung—
They cast us in a pit below,
And o'er us earth was flung;
It was a grievous thing to bear,
—The woe is on me still—
Yet, as time sped, the Saints of God
Revered the lonely hill;
They searched the spot where I was hid,
They brought me forth to light,

They covered me with gems and gold,
  They showed me rich and bright;
Now far and wide o'er all the earth
  Is honour to me paid,
For once within these arms of mine
  Was Christ the Hero laid;
I who was once a cross of pain,
  And loathsome to all eyes,
Now tower above, an honoured sign,
  Majestic to the skies;
And healing virtue ever flows
  For all who hither turn,
And seek in penitence and faith
  The way of life to learn."

So ceased the voice, the vision passed,
I woke, and knew it could not last,
  'Twas but a dream;
Yet grace and health and power did seem
On me and all the world to beam;
  That holy rood
  Hath brought me good;
Since on the tale my memory ran
I've been a holier, happier man.

Part of this poem is still to be read on the old Cross at Ruthwell, in Dumfriesshire.

Cynewulf lived probably in the 10th century; but little is known of him. His *Dream of the Holy Rood*, his *The Christ*, his *Elene* and many other noble poems shew that he was a real poet.

The Rev. J. Earle, Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Oxford, writes that, "If the Anglo-Saxon hymns assigned to Cynewulf, and those which are printed in Grein's *Bibliothek*, vol. II. pp. 280—294, were fitly rendered into English, they would give us an idea of what our Anglo-Saxon ancestors sung in their monasteries and religious households, and would enrich our own collections." The Rev. W. W. Skeat, Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge, says: "The hymns and religious poetry of the Anglo-Saxon period will certainly repay exploration."

Hymns of the Anglican Church.

ECCLESIA ANGLICANA, SANCTA ECCLESIA ANGLICA.

A rendering of *Ut jucundas cervus undas*. by S. ANSELM?

As the hunted stag returneth
Where the cooling waters flow,
So to God, our living Fountain,
Every faithful heart will go.

Lord! what blessings and what riches
On Thy Saints Thou pourest down;
Whoso shuns Thy light eternal,
Blinds himself, and drops his crown.

Whoso seeks Thee findeth ever
Joy and peace throughout his life;
Who deserts Thee reaps a harvest
Rife with sorrow, toil and strife.

Thou hast crowns and thrones as guerdon
For each warrior who has fought;
Thou hast joys, that none can measure,
For all who Thy Home have sought.

Dost thou never fear the pitfalls
Which for thee the Tempter laid?
Lov'st thou not the Kingly Highway
Which for thee the Master made?

Nay, bethink thee, wisely ponder
Who thou art—whence thou art sprung—
Where thou marchest—Who thy leader—
What thy rank His hosts among.

Be not reckless, but consider,
Thou thy God's own jewel art;
Weigh thy worth, attend thy Maker,
Mark the grace that fills His heart.

Call to mind His wondrous purpose,
When He formed His child divine;
Be thou humble, be submissive;
Heir of God! all His is thine.

Dost thou not deserve His anger?
Think'st thou to escape His rod?
Rebel 'gainst the Lord who made thee!
Mortal, wilt thou spurn thy God?

Yet despond not, Christian soldier!
Thou co-heir with Christ shalt be,
If thou rule thy fleshly passions,
If thou rule them willingly.

Mighty Father! doubting, trembling,
Yet in faith we claim Thy grace;
Jesu Saviour! Judge of all men,
We thy suppliants seek Thy face.

Holy Spirit! see our anguish;
All our comfort is from Thee:
Grant us pardon, peace—Thy heaven—
Holy, Blessèd Trinity.

The above is a rendering of verses 1, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 16, 17, 18, in the Proœmium to the 'Mariale' by Archbishop Anselm. The edition of this Mariale is 1885, published by Desclée at Tournay, and edited by Professor Ragey, from eight manuscripts. Are there reasonable grounds for believing that S. Anselm wrote this book? There is a refreshing ignorance about English geography, and about the history of "Ecclesia Anglicana," shewn on pages 12 and 13 by Professor Ragey and Cardinal Manning.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

A rendering of *Adesto, Sancta Trinitas*, in Sarum and other Breviaries.

We pray Thee, Holy Trinity!
Thy home is in eternity,
Three Persons—equally Divine:
One God—Thou art—and all is Thine;
Lord, to Thy church draw near.
O Trinity in Unity,
The Seraphim are praising Thee,
All Heaven's adoring hosts proclaim
The splendour of Thy matchless name
In accents sweet and clear.

Earth, sea, and sky Thy greatness tell,
And with their thousand voices swell
The chorus-song that ceaseless flows
From age to age, where Nature shews
Thy wonders infinite.
We too Thy high behests attend,
Before Thy Presence lowly bend,
And pray Thee suppliantly, "Hear!
O turn to us the listening ear,
Reveal Thy gladdening light."

Thou art Thyself our only light,
All spirits blest in Thee delight,
Unite with that celestial praise
These feeble prayers and thanks we raise
To Thee, the first and last.
O Father, born of none, Most High!
O Saviour, born to bring us nigh!
O Spirit, source of life and power!
We hymn Thee now each fleeting hour,
And will, when death be past.

Author unknown. To what branch of the Catholic Church did he belong?

A PATRE UNIGENITUS.

An Epiphany Hymn in the Sarum Breviary.
Wackernagel I. 173.

Praise to the Father's only Son,
Who came on earth as Mary's Child,
And from His cradle to His grave,
On Calvary's hill, by Jordan's wave,
Who hallowed and Who reconciled,
Gathering all faithful souls in one.

Praise Him in heaven of highest place,
Who took man's nature at His birth,
And by the agony and blame,
And by that cross of bitter shame,
Redeemed to God our fallen earth,
And brought us joy, and gave us grace.

Thy Church, dear Saviour, with Thee pleads;
Still kind and gentle, still the same,
Come, on these senses shed more light,
That which we see not make Thou bright
And fill us with that sacred flame,
That stirs true hearts to holy deeds.

Each morn, Thou Sun of Righteousness,
Turn the mind's darkness into day,
Pardon each sin, blot out each stain,
Heal and bestow Thy peace again;
Shield us right royally, we pray,
That none Thy people may oppress.

And when Thou comest with Thy host,
On clouds of glory from above,
Heaven's courts shall with our anthems ring,
And we around Thy throne will sing,
Through ceaseless ages, all the love
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Author? Date 900—1200.

THE NAME OF JESUS.

A rendering of *Jesus dulcis Nazarenus.* Daniel, *Thesaur. Hymnol.*, II., 262, and Neale's *Hymni Eccl.*, p. 165, and Sarum Missal.

Jesus, gracious good and kind,
Beautiful in mien and mind,
Who erst dwelt at Nazareth,
Bore the racking of the cross,
All to save mankind from loss,
Till He sank wan-white in death.

Sweet His Name sounds in mine ear,
Far surpassing all I hear,
Heaven and earth none such can boast;
By its healing, soothing charm,
Guilty souls are saved from harm,
Cleansed and freed from Satan's host.

'Neath His royal standard wide
Tranquilly thy days shall glide;
Routed is the enemy.
Call on Jesus in the fight,
He will aid thee with His might,
And thy foes enraged shall fly.

Be His Name then cherished well,
Feared it is by Spirits fell,
Baffling all their rancorous arts.
It hath saving Grace most fair,
It hath comfort passing rare
For our sad and weary hearts.

Think upon that honoured Name,
Speak it boldly without shame
And confess it without fear.
Whispered with his latest breath,
Graven on his heart in death,
To Ignatius 'twas dear.

What could we desire beside
Than that Christ in us abide,
Loving, steadfast, as a friend?
His is love most wondrous sweet,
Love that seeks with love to meet,
Sheltering love that hath no end.

His Name takes the foremost place,
To the world 'tis rich in grace,
To His dearest 'tis most dear,
We should love—'tis God's decree—
And should please Him heartily,
Who first loved and brought us near.

All that's good that Name contains,
It hath won Heaven's throne, and reigns:
Hark, how pleasing is its sound!
There The Father's splendour see,
There His mother's purity,
There His brethren's honour's found.

Flesh and blood, and heart and mind,
All that's common to mankind,
He would take it for our sake;
By His suffering, by His pain,
Sin was cleansed, and once again
Men renewed of Heaven partake.

Is there one who fain would know
Why the Name of Jesus so
Stirs our deepest longings still?
Brave and good, and fair to see,
Gentle, noble, kind is He,
Full of clemency to ill.

Glorious is the King, benign
All His ways, His acts divine,
And His speech is graciousness.
Bold, and full of Spirit, He
Fights the fight courageously;
Gifts hath He wherewith to bless.

Jesus is compassionate,
He hath wit and wisdom great,
And is sweet beyond compare.
Goodness, Virtue, from Him springs,
Fruitful gifts to all He brings;
But His chosen are His care.

First in power, and first in place,
Winsome in His loving grace,
He doth gain the praise of all;
Knowing all things, truly wise,
Fascinating hearts and eyes,
He doth keep whom He doth call.

JESUS! Saviour! Name of joy!
Let it all thy thoughts employ,
Let it to thy heart be pressed.
May it check all sin and wrong,
Teach thee Heaven's triumphant song,
Bring thee where the Saints are blest.

"This one sequence is probably of the 14th century. It is in the Sarum, York and Hereford Missals," says J. Means in Julian's Dictionary. Who wrote this? Was he an Englishman?

YE ENGLISHE CHYRCHE.

A HYMN TO JESUS CHRIST.

Part I.

O Jesu Christ, Saint Mary's son,
By Whom the world was worthy wrought,
Finish the work Thou hast begun,
Dwell in this soul and cleanse my thought.

Jesu, of Whom all goodness springs,
Whom all men ought to love by right,
Bid me and make me, King of kings,
To do Thy will with all my might.

Christ Jesu, Who didst bear for me
The bitter pain and anguish fell,
Ne'er let me parted be from Thee,
Nor bear the bitter pains of hell.

Christ Jesu, well of plenteous grace,
All-pitiful, all-merciful,
What sin is mine do Thou efface,
And grant forgiveness plentiful.

To Thee, O Christ, my moan I make,
Jesu, to Thee I call and cry,
Leave not my soul, for mercy's sake,
O leave me not in sin to die.

Jesu, to love Thee is the lore
My heart desires, for Thee I long,
Oh! make me love Thee more and more,
That of Thy love may be my song.

Part II.

O Jesu, Who on Easter day
From death to life didst rise in might,
Grant me Thy grace my vows to pay,
And Thee to worship day and night.

O Jesu, fill my heart with light,
That loving Thee I may forsake
All worldly joys, both day and night,
And all my joy in Thee may make.

Jesu, my joy, to Thee I sing,
O Jesu Christ, my comfort clear,
Jesu, my God, my loving King,
Jesu, Thou art without a peer.

O Christ, Who madest all of naught,
Dear was the price Thou paid'st for me,
Knit my heart close to Thy heart-thought,
That severed we may never be.

Wind Thou Thy love into my thought;
O Jesu, lift my heart to Thee,
And make the soul that Thou hast bought,
Thy loving one for aye to be.

Now, Jesu Lord, bestow Thy grace,
That, if it be Thy holy will,
I may so come into Thy place,
That there I stay abiding still.

From the Thornton Manuscript in Lincoln Cathedral Muniment Room, date about 1440 A.D. See Archdeacon Perry's "Religious pieces in prose and verse." Early English Text Society, page 73. Trübner.

This, written in early English by R. Rolle, 1290—1349 A.D., has simply been turned into modern English.

Our forefathers in "the dark ages" were earnest and enlightened Christians.

Richard Rolle was of Hampole near Doncaster; a hermit, author and pietist.

Hymns of the Church of Italy.

ECCLESIA ITALICA.

A rendering of *Splendor paternæ gloriæ*. St Ambrose.

O Splendour of the Glory bright!
Thou Herald of the Father's ray!
Fountain of radiance, Light of Light!
Our Daystar brightening all our day!

O Jesu! our true Sun, arise
And shine with Thine eternal gleam;
Upon this head, this heart, these eyes
Pour forth the Spirit's hallowing beam.

May God the Father's boundless grace,
His glory, and His power, each day
From our defiled souls efface
The leprous taint of sin, we pray;

May He repress each envious thought,
And rouse us vigorous deeds to dare,
Till, blest by suffering, we be brought
More perfectly the Cross to bear.

May He uplift our minds alway,
And keep our bodies true and pure;
O'er us may no deceit have sway,
May ours be faith that can endure.

May Christ be ours, our food indeed;
And Faith supply our thirsting hearts
With all the rapture that we need,
With joy the Comforter imparts.

How happy then our days shall flow,
As, with the morning, pure we rise!
With noontide heat our faith shall glow,
And no dark shadow cloud our skies.

Thus may the morning be begun:
Thus, Holy Spirit, come Thou near;
Be with us, Father, in Thy Son;
And in the Father, Christ, be here.

St Ambrose, 340—397, Bishop of Milan, writer of twelve hymns, Biraghi says of eighteen.

AN AMBROSIAN HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

A rendering of *A solis ortûs cardine.* Daniel, *Thesaur. Hymnol.*, I. p. 21.

Christ is born—proclaim the tidings
From the eastern verge of dawn
To the furthest western limit—
Christ, the Virgin's Son, is born.

Christ is King—go, speed that message,
Bid the nations hail His birth,
Let the countless millions welcome
Their sole Monarch to our earth.

God's own Son, yet Mary's infant,
All His glory laid aside,
He hath come His Church to ransom,
And to win her for His bride.

Ancient seers foretold His Advent,
How the stone unhewn by hand,
Down the mountain side descending,
Carries grace through every land.

God's own Word our flesh hath taken,
Herald angels sing His fame,
How the saintly mother bore Him,
Holy, sinless, free from shame.

Balmy breezes fanned the meadows,
Dewdrops glistened on that morn,
Earth threw wide her arms in gladsome
Welcome—when her Lord was born.

He who was before all ages,
God of God, before all time,
Now the destined time approacheth,
Enters, as a babe, our clime.

And, God's richest gifts bestowing,
Now to pardon sin He lives,
Shattering the powers of darkness,
Light to all mankind He gives.

Possibly Sedulius wrote this; was he an Italian or Irishman?

SALVE FESTA DIES. EASTER.

Daniel, *Thesaur. Hymnol.*, I. p. 169.

Priests and Choir. Hail! the Day of Easter gladness, day that ages yet shall prize,
Hail! the Son of God, the Victor, takes His seat above the skies.

See! the World in springtide freshness graciously is witnessing,
How all beauteous gifts are rising with her own uprising King.
People. Hail the Day.

Ch. See! the fields are bright with flowers, See! the trees with green buds swell,
Glad to greet His march of triumph from the gloomy gates of Hell.
People. Hail the Son.

Ch. Satan's forces now lie vanquished; Sun and Sky and Earth and Sea
With harmonious voices welcome Him Who came to set us free.
People. Hail the Day.

Ch. He, Who on the Cross was hanging, now as God returns to reign;
All creation bows in homage, hymning one adoring strain.
People. Hail the Son.

Ch. Months and years in due procession, all the kindly light of days,
Glowing hours and fleeting moments speak His splendour, chant His praise.
People. Hail the Day.

Ch. Christ! our Maker, our Redeemer, tender Healer of all pain,
Son of God, His One-begotten, Who dost very God remain!

People. Hail the Son.

Ch. Who, the human race beholding plunged in sin, despair and gloom,
Didst become a Man, as we are, to deliver us from doom.

People. Hail the Day.

Ch. O Thou Lord of life and glory, Who didst mortal pangs endure,
Who didst enter death's dark portal our Salvation to procure!

People. Hail the Son.

Ch. Now fulfil Thy plighted promise, hearkening to Thy Church's cries;
Now the third-day morn is breaking—rise, O, buried Saviour, rise!

People. Hail the Day.

Ch. Spoil the tomb, and break the fetters where Thy prisoned strength hath lain;
O recall to life and brightness those loved forms whom Death hath slain.

People. Hail the Son.

Ch. Countless millions freed from terrors soon shall speed where Thou hast led;
What lone grave can now appal us? Thou hast touched and blest the bed.

All. Hail! the Day of Easter gladness, day that ages yet shall prize!
Hail! Thou Son of God, the Victor! Take Thy seat above the skies!

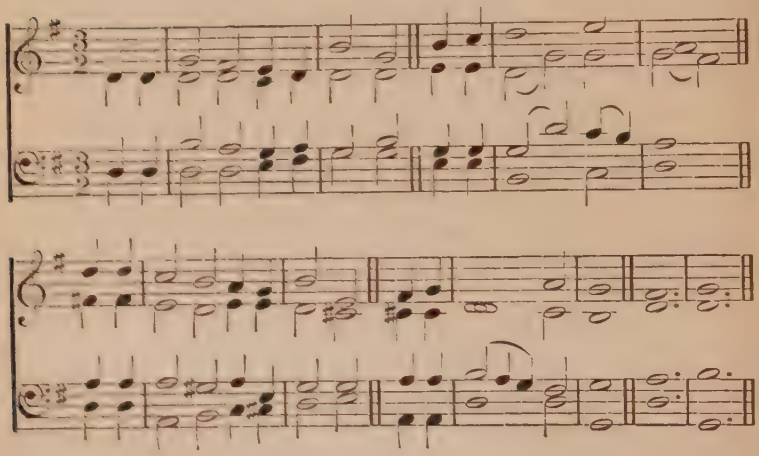
By Fortunatus, 530—609. He was an Italian, but lived in France.

ECCLESIA VALDENSIUM.

"'Tis thy duty."

Miles Christi.

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



WATCH AND PRAY.

A rendering of the "Noble" hymn of the Waldensian Church.

'Tis thy duty, Christian Soldier!
To keep guard and pray;
It becomes thee to be ready,
Watching day by day.

Wake, and sleep not—none knows surely
When death draweth near;
Watch to-day and watch to-morrow,
Pray and watch in fear.

Fear thou, Mortal! who so mighty
As to say him nay?
He will enter through the portal,
It may be to-day.

Thou to-day art young and joyous,
Bounding in thy glee;
'Neath the sod to-morrow lying
Thou perchance may'st be.

On a sudden he will meet thee,
Touch thee with his rod,
And will whisper in thy hearing
"'Tis to meet thy God."

Jesu Christ! He is thine Angel,
Sent not as a foe;
Thou dost need us, Thou wilt call us,
Shall we fear to go?

If Thy spirit be but in us,
Let come what come may;
Father! in Thy hands we leave it;
We will watch and pray.

Gathered from "La Nobla Leçon" of the Waldenses.

THE HOLY TRINITY.

A Chant of the Waldensian Church, rendered from *O Dio, Payre Eternal poisant, comforta me*, (Montet's *Histoire des Vaudois*, p. 22).

O God! Eternal Father! strong in saving might,
Make Thine own children strong, and govern us aright,
Receive the wanderers home—we turn us to Thy light.

O God! Eternal Son! Thy truth hath on us shined,
Teach us high knowledge; give the understanding mind,
That we discern Thy word, and larger wisdom find.

O God! Eternal Spirit! Life of all the blest!
We crave Thy bounteous grace, whilst here of life possessed;
Then—stay the undying worm, and grant us endless rest.

O Trinity! who hast the deep foundations laid,
Thou spakest,—at Thy Word of power all things were made;
Thy hand doth hold them all,—Lord grant us here Thine aid.

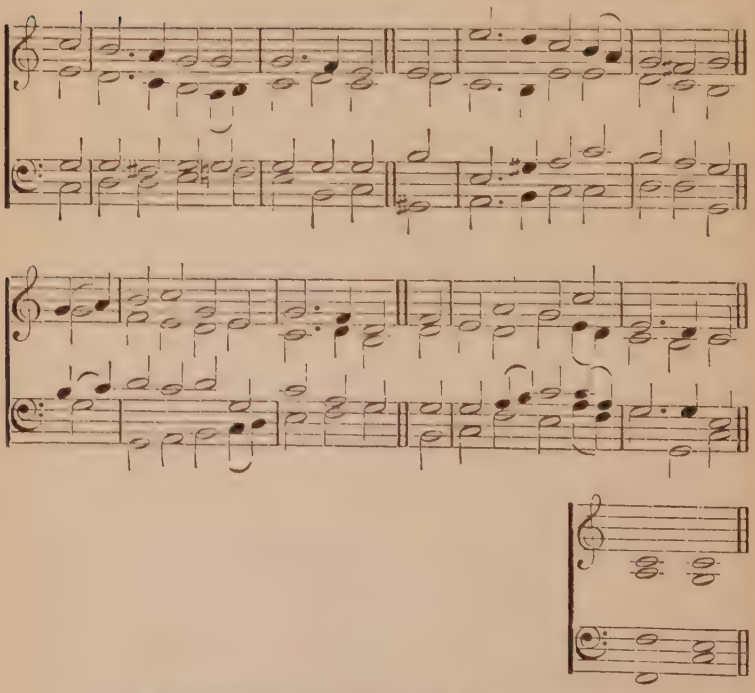
Hymn of the Church of Spain.

ECCLESIA HISPANICA.

"Servant of God."

Signum crucis.

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



A rendering of the Latin hymn of Prudentius, in the Sarum Breviary. *Cultor Dei memento.*

Servant of God, do not forget
What Sign was on thy forehead set,
How Christ anointed thee with grace,
How thou art born of royal race.

That font, that birth, recall to mind;
And, when to sleep thou art inclined,
Renew that sign on heart and brow,
Each night renew thy solemn vow.

No sin can brook that cross of might,
No darkness meet its blaze of light;
And souls thus hallowed from their foe,
Guilt and remorse need never know.

No vexing dream may scare thy rest,
No phantasies thy soul molest,
The fiend himself will know the sign,
And, baffled, own a power divine.

The Serpent fell, with deadly hate,
To mar thy peace may strive, and wait,
By tortuous ways and cunning guile
Thy heart from its true rest to wile.

In vain—the blazoned sign is here,
His acts are vain—the Lord is near,
Dismay will seize the ranks of hell,
For where the Lord is, all is well.

So let the weary body sleep,
God will His Saints in safety keep;
E'en in our dreams shall Christ be nigh,
And all our fancies heavenward fly.

To God the Father, God the Son,
To God the Spirit, Three in One,
The Holy, Holy, Holy Lord,
Be ceaseless prayer and praise out-poured.

Prudentius, 348—413, a Spaniard.

Hymns of the Church of France.

ECCLESIA GALLICA.

ST MICHAEL'S DAY.

A rendering of *Tibi Christe splendor Patris*,
by RABANUS MAURUS.

Hark! the Angel squadrons muster,
'Tis the army of the sky
Compassing the sapphire splendour,
Circling round the Lord most High.
"Holy, Holy, Holy, Sovereign!
King, Almighty God!" they cry.

Saviour Christ! we mortals know Thee,
We would gather near Thy seat;
Brightness of the Father's glory!
We would worship at Thy feet.
Lord of life! of hearts that love Thee!
We the heavenly strain repeat.

Let us with Thy choirs of Angels
Our responsive voices raise,
And with wondering holy reverence
Swell the torrent of their praise;
Suffer us, Thine erring servants,
With them on Thy face to gaze.

Thou art worthy, Thou hast conquered;
Grant us, Lord, to conquer too;
'Gainst the foe our strength is weakness,
And our forces scant and few;
Bid Thy holy Watchers aid us
In our struggle to be true.

Bid Thy warrior Michael, guiding
To the mansions of the blest,
Trample Satan down, and lead us
Here with fears and sin oppressed,
Till refined through fiery trials
In Thy Paradise we rest.

There shall all the loving-kindness,
All Thy clemency be known,
And melodious chants of triumph
Be our tribute at Thy Throne;
"Father, Son, and Holy Spirit!
Thine the glory, Thine alone."

Tune "Oriel," 396, in *Hymns A. & M.*, Second Tune.

St Rabanus Maurus, 776—856 A.D., Archbishop of Mayence, in the kingdom of the Franks.

Christe, sanctorum decus angelorum, by RABANUS MAURUS.
In Sarum Breviary and Daniel, *Thesaur. Hymnol.*, I. p. 219.

Christ! by holy hosts adored,
Man's Redeemer, and his Lord,
Help us; succour, grace, afford
Thy Heaven to win.

Bid Thine Angel Michael speed,
Prospering every word and deed,
Peace to bring; and us to lead
Thy courts within.

Bid Thine Angel Gabriel fly,
Hurling back our enemy,
To bring courage; as we cry
To Thee in prayer.

Bid Thine Angel Raphael heal
All our sickness, bringing weal,
Ease and respite; till we feel
With Thee no care.

When the foe tempts, when we fear,
When all life seems sad and drear,
Let Thy bright battalions cheer
Our lonely way.

To the Father, to the Son,
To the Spirit, Three in One,
Pray we thus till time be done;
Then praise for aye.

FOR WHITSUNTIDE EVENING.

A rendering of *Adsis superne Spiritus*, Cahors Breviary. Neale's *Hymni Eccl.*, p. 156.

O Spirit from on high! this night
Shine on our minds with soothing light;
O Fount of truth! may Thy clear ray
Reveal the peace for which we pray.

Bid sin with all its baleful power
Flee from our hallowed evening hour;
Make each heart, filled with heavenly love,
Glow with Thy presence from above.

Like corslet on the warrior's breast,
The love Thou gavest guards our rest;
Clad in Thy mail we dread no blow,
We shrink before no night-born foe.

Speak, and our tears shall freely flow,
That we eternal joy may know;
For mid the bitter tears of earth,
Thou minglest joys of heavenly birth.

We praise Thee, God in Trinity!
O Spirit! thus we plead with Thee,
Breathe on these souls, and they shall flame
With fiery zeal and contrite shame.

IS NOT THIS THE FAST THAT I HAVE CHOSEN?

FOR LENT.

A rendering of *En! tempus acceptabile.* Neale's *Hymni Eccl.*, p. 95.

It is the time, when all may win
The heaven we fain would see,
The hour, when God doth pardon sin,
And seated on His throne begin
To grant His clemency.

It is the time, for all to guide
Their lives by stricter rule,
To lay the lightsome vein aside,
The sluggish mind and limbs to chide,
The appetites to school.

'Tis time for tears, the tears that flow
Forth from a burdened heart,
That burns its grief in sighs to shew,
That God, Who judgeth, may bestow
One look, and peace impart.

'Tis time for heaven-taught souls to rise
And seek the cheerless bed,
Where cold and wan the sufferer lies,
Where hunger is, yet loving eyes
See Christ beneath that shed.

'Tis time for bounteous Charity,
With hands that will not save,
To lay up treasure in the sky,
And, ere that Death come hurrying nigh,
To give God what He gave.

'Tis time for Thee, O Lord! anew
To fire our breasts with love;
That all we feel and think and do,
Within, without, be pure and true,
All hallowed from above.

Thy glory, Holy Trinity!
Shall spread while time shall last:
May we Thy faithful soldiers be,
More patient, bold, and worthier Thee,
From this our chastening fast.

Tune "Engedi."

See *Hymns A. & M.* 492; the compilers have altered this rendering. This is in the Breviary of Cahors, a town in the south of France.

"THOU SHALT CALL HIS NAME, JESUS."

A rendering of *Iesu Nostrorum, mirabile praemium.* See Neale's *Hymns*, and the Liège Breviary.

Herald forth the praise of Jesus,
Herald forth that glorious Name,
By the Father's love predestined
Ere man into being came;
Now the Holy Church, our Mother,
Full of grace, recounts His fame.

Name of sweetness, name so restful;
Name unutterably dear;
JESUS, Saviour, Helper, Healer,
Name that sinners love to hear.
Name above all names most winning,
Banishing our guilt and fear.

Name to be adorèd ever,
Name of high renown and might;
Name that brings us strength and courage,
In our saddest lowest plight;
Name most worthy of all homage,
From the heavenly hosts of light.

Like melodious music falling,
Falls the Name on listening ears;
To the hungering soul, than honey
Sweeter far, that Name appears;
Gaze but on it,—rapturous visions
Rise of peace in coming years.

'Tis the Name most high exalted,
All, to it, their claims resign;
'Tis the Name of dread and terror,
Routing every power malign;
And 'tis given for our Salvation,
By a clemency Divine.

Let us then, with lowly reverence
Keep that sacred Name, so blest,
Shrined within our hearts securely
Where no spoiler can molest;
That in glory we be numbered
With the Saints of God at rest.

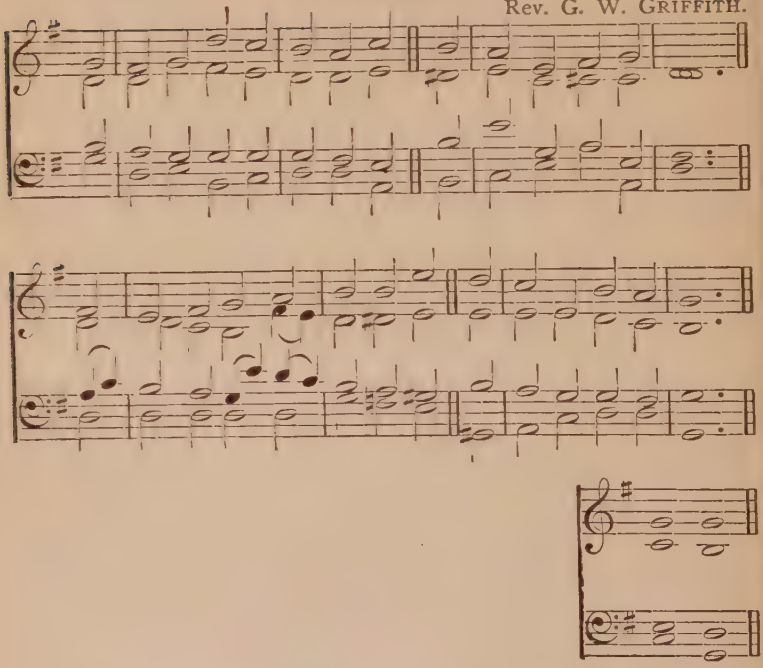
O our Lord! how wondrous art Thou
In Thy sovereign Majesty!
Glory, Honour, Praise we give Thee,
O Thou Holy Trinity!
Glory, Honour, Praise, we bring Thee,
O our God! the One in Three!

The Author unknown, 15th century? A French Churchman? Many mediæval hymns are as evangelical as J. Newton's "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds."

"O Jesu, God."

O sacra membra.

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



HOLY BAPTISM.

A rendering of a hymn for Epiphany in the Paris Breviary.

Non abluunt lymphæ Deum.

O Jesu! God! Thy sacred limbs
Needed no cleansing wave;
But instinct, at Thy touch, with power
The hallowed waters save.

The promised fountain freely flows
To wash away our sin;
Oh wondrous Grace! this flesh is pure,
And pure the soul within.

We touch Thy royal robe, dear Lord,
And touching are made whole;
Thy virtue heals, Thy blood redeems,
And snow-white leaves the soul.

Filled with the Holy Ghost, her Son
The Mother gave to earth;
Filled with the Holy Ghost, the Font
Gives us the higher birth.

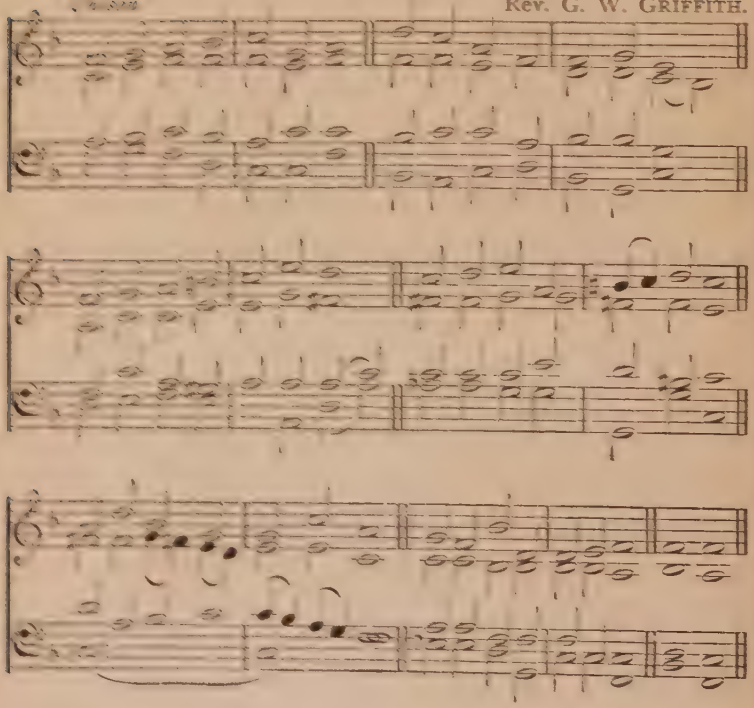
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
We bend the knee and heart;
Baptismal love, and grace, and strength,
Blest Trinity, impart.

The Author of this hymn was Nicholas le Tourneaux, 1640—1686.

"Jesu, once a little child."

Jesu Christe, quondam infans.

The Sun Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



A CHILDREN'S HYMN.

A rendering of *Sume mundi pia nascuris*, in the Paris Breviary for Christmas.

Jesu! once a little Child,
Jesu! holy undefiled,
Who to save the world wast born
On a happy Christmas morn,
Jesu, Saviour, Lord Most High!
Hear, O hear Thy children's cry.

From Thy beauteous home above
Grant us mercy, shew Thy love,
Make us trusty, brave and kind,
Truthful, pure, like Thee in mind,
Jesu! Saviour! Lord Most High!
Hear, O hear Thy children's cry.

Guard us at our work and play,
Be Thou with us all the day;
And when darkness closes round,
When we rest in sleep profound,
Jesu! Saviour! Lord Most High!
Hear, O hear Thy children's cry.

Bless Thy little lambs at night,
Keep us safe from harm and fright;
Tender Shepherd! near us stay,
Drive all hurtful things away.
Jesu! Saviour! Lord Most High!
Hear, O hear Thy children's cry.

Tenderly Thy Mother prest
Her sweet Baby to her breast;
Graciously in fear and joy
Watched she o'er her growing Boy.
Jesu! Saviour! Lord Most High!
Hear, O hear Thy children's cry.

Thou didst all her love repay,
Thou wast willing to obey;
Lord, submissive may we be,
Teach us thus to copy Thee.
Jesu! Saviour! Lord Most High!
Hear, O hear Thy children's cry.

Praise the Father, praise the Son,
Praise the Spirit—Three in One;
When Thou comest with Thy power
May we praise Thee in that hour!
Jesu! Saviour! Lord Most High!
Hear, O hear Thy children's cry.

Author: N. Le Tourneaux.

AN EPIPHANY CAROL.

He humbled Himself and Thou worshipped Him, a rendering of *Ave Jesu! Deus magne!* From the Breviary of Bourges.

Daniel, *Thesaur. Hymnol.*, II. 341.

Jesu! hail! Almighty Lord!
Hail, meek Lamb! Thou Child adored!
Hail! Who human flesh hast worn,
God! within a stable born!
What poverty! What majesty!
What power divine, my Lord! is Thine!
Wouldst Thou that majesty resign
For man? for me?

'Twas to win me jewels rare,
'Twas to save me from despair,
In a serf's coarse raiment drest
Thou wast by Thy foes opprest.
What poverty! What majesty!
What power divine, my King, is Thine!
Couldst Thou that majesty resign
For man? for me?

Though so dear,—without avail
'Mid the rough beasts rose Thy wail;
Judge supreme! God's very Son!
For my guilt wast Thou undone!
What poverty! What majesty!
What power divine, O Christ, is Thine!
Wilt Thou that majesty resign
For man? for me?

Jesu! take my heart, my all,
Bid me follow at Thy call;
Kindle in me keen desire,
Touch my soul with hallowed fire.
What poverty! What majesty!
What power divine, my God, is Thine!
Dost Thou that majesty resign
For man? for me?

Banish hence all vanity,
All that is not worthy Thee;
Grant me meekness like Thine own,
Bind me ever to Thy Throne.
What poverty! What majesty!
What power divine, my Lord, is Thine!
My heart, my all, I here resign
Jesu! to Thee.

Who was the author of this?

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A rendering of *Puer nobis nascitur rectorque angelorum.*

A Prosa for Christmas, from a French Paroissien, or Prayer-book.

To us a Child is born,
The Angels' King is here,
Behold upon this earth of ours
The Lord of Lords appear.

The oxen know the Christ
As in the crib He lies,
And own amid the straw and hay
The Sovereign of the skies.

Then Herod felt affright,
And in his fiery rage
All mad with grief and hate did slay
The boys of tender age.

The Angel host entranced
In gladness drew more nigh,
And sang the never-ceasing hymn—
"Glory to God on high."

Let us with holy joy
The Angels' song upraise,
And ever give to God on high
Our grateful thanks and praise.

May we with joy like theirs
In hearty tones of love
Sing out to harp and pipe and flute
"Glory to God above."

O Son of Mary! lead,
Thou Child of our own race!
Lead on to Thine eternal home,
There bring us by Thy grace.

ALL SAINTS' DAY.

A rendering of *Sponsa Christi*. See Paris Missal, and Daniel, *Thesaur. Hymnol.*, II. p. 377.

Bride of Christ! while still thou warrest
O'er the wide world sin-opprest,
Lift thy voice and chant the triumphs
Of the sinless and the blest.

All their heavenly joys recalling,
All the Saints this day we praise;
Church of God! with joyance keep it,
Pour thy loftiest sweetest lays.

She who bore the infant Saviour,
Mary, takes the foremost place,
Leading forth the grand procession,
Virgin-Mother, full of grace.

Next the Angel Spirits follow,
Ministers from God to earth,
With ten thousand voices hymning
Him who gave the stars their birth.

Christ's forerunner, John the Herald,
More than prophet, leads the throng
Of the Patriarchs and Sëers,
With their melody of song.

On those lofty seats enthronèd,
Kind of heart and wise of mind,
Sit the twelve Apostles judging
All the deeds of all mankind.

There the blood-encrimsoned Martyrs,
Who have held their lives as nought,
And with noble boldness perished,
Gain the peace they long have sought.

Next of faithful Priests and Levites
Comes a sacred multitude;
Heaven's full glory now delights them,
Who the world's vain show withstood.

Bearing lilies, scattering roses,
Following where The Lamb shall guide,
See! the marriage train approacheth
Of His own espousèd Bride.

All, a happy task fulfilling,
Loud their mighty God proclaim,
"Holy, Holy, Holy," crying,
"Glory to His holy Name."

God our Father! make us holy,
Keep us humbly near Thy side,
That we may in glory meet them,
Meet the Bridegroom and the Bride.

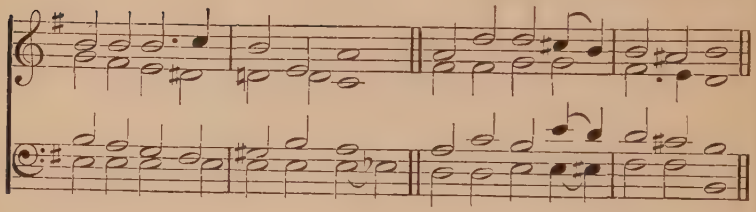
Another translation of "Sponsa Christi" is in *Church Hymns*, No. 190, and another in the Wellington College hymn-book. The Latin is by J. B. Des Contes, who died 1786—a modern hymn, but full of mediæval thoughts and expressions.

The Rev. J. Ellerton translated "Sponsa Christi" in *Church Hymns*, 1871, as "Church of Christ." He was on the Committee of Compilers of *Hymns A. & M.* in 1889 and saw the above rendering. After seeing this and the translations of others, he published in the 1889 Appendix the translation 618, *Hymns A. & M.*, "Bride of Christ, whose glorious warfare."

"Weep to-day."

Eheu! Jerusalem.

Rev. G. W. GRIFFITH.



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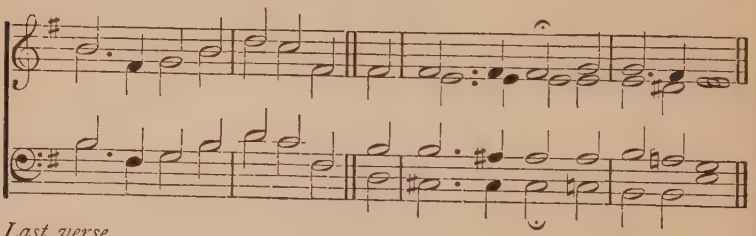

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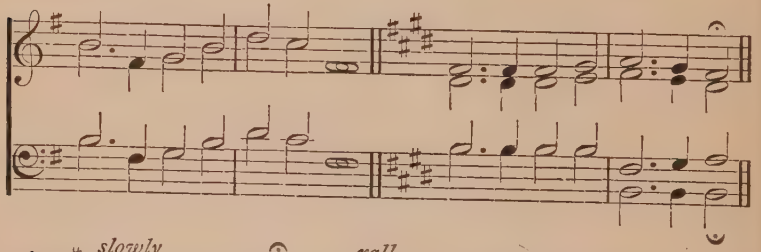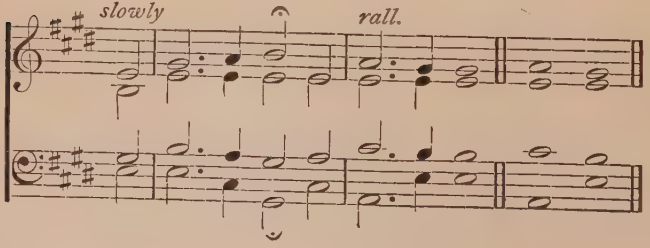

THE TEMPLARS' LAMENT.

"Let Jerusalem come into your mind, remember, Lord."

A rendering of *Plangite, cordis dolore*, from "The Liturgy of the Templars."

Weep to-day thy bitterest tears,
Pour thy heart-grief, tell thy fears,
'Tis the day of wrath and shame;
Jerusalèm! Jerusalèm!

Where are now thy Fathers old?
Where thy temple-warriors bold?
Wail their loss, thy tarnished fame,
Jerusalèm! Jerusalèm!

Kings and Princes, all are ta'en;
They who fought for thee are slain;
What is left thee but thy name?
Jerusalèm! Jerusalèm!

See! the foes thy walls have gained,
Zion's Temple is profaned,
Fort and tower are wrapped in flame!
Jerusalèm! Jerusalèm!

Fly! ye ne'er can stay her fall,
And if memory recall
Aught of beauty, aught of fame,
Cry, then, to your God her name,
Jerusalèm! Jerusalèm!

This is the 9th hymn in the Liturgy of the Templars, see Wackernagel, hymn 217.

Who knows the history of the Liturgy of the Templars?

Hymns of the Church of Germany.

ECCLESIA GERMANICA.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

A rendering of *Es ist ein Reis entsprungen*. Hymn (160) in the Old-Catholic Gesang-buch.

Forth from a tender root,
From Jesse's stem of old,
A branch did upwards shoot,
As prophets had foretold;
'Twas a winter wild
For a new-born child,
When at mid-night there
That gentle branch a Bud did bear.

"From thence," the Seer had said,
"Shall come a noble birth;"
'Twas Mary, spotless maid,
Who gave the Bud to earth;
'Twas a Virgin kind
Bore the Babe, I mind;
'Twas that maiden pure
Fulfilled God's plan and made it sure.

The Child received the name
The Angel had announced;
JESUS with loud acclaim
All heaven and earth pronounced;
In that holy sound
Doth all good abound;
In that Saviour dear
Doth Grace for all mankind appear.

This is a "Trierlied," one of the old hymns of Trèves, in the Cathedral of which town in the 15th century German Carols were sung at the great festivals.

Author?

HYMN OF THE BOHEMIAN CHURCH.

"This is My Body."

A rendering of *Jesus Christus nostra salus*, by JOHN HUSS.
From Rambach's *Anthologie*, vol. I. p. 367.

Our Saviour Jesus Christ bestowed—
And ransomed sinners hold it gain—
This bread, we ever since have shewed
In memory of that Victim slain.

How wondrous is this hallowed bread!
Thou art Thyself, O Jesu Christ!
The flesh, the food, the life once dead,
The Sacrament of love unpriced.

Here is Thy richest gift most rare,
Heaven's loving-kindness here we see;
It is the Eucharist most fair,
Thy gracious sign of unity.

We worship—for it is the Lord,
We bow—for God is present here;
Who-e'er by faith hath heavenward soared,
Rejoices in a Saviour near.

This is not bread, 'tis God confessed,
That Son of God who, on the Cross,
Enshrined in flesh a Victor blest,
Did suffer to redeem our loss.

'Tis food for holy Angels fit,
The joy of every saintly soul,
The types could but foreshadow it,
The Gospel hath revealed the whole.

O Healer of all guilt! on Thee
The burden of our sins we lay,
Thus feed us, guide us, till set free
We reach the light of endless day.

This hymn is interesting because it is said to be by Huss, a member of the Church of Bohemia. The Church of Rome mislikes National Churches, and in 1415 burnt J. Huss for not having sufficiently distinct views about transubstantiation. This seems curious, after reading the fifth verse.

THE CRY OF THE EXILED CHURCH.

A rendering of *Cœli cives attendite*. THOMAS À KEMPIS.
See Wackernagel, vol. I. p. 225.

Bride.

"List! ye Angels; Aid, ye dwellers
In yon glorious realm of light,
Aid an Exile in her sadness
Wandering in the vale of night.

Ye are denizens of heaven,
I a stranger and alone,
Weigh the bliss whence I am banished,
Do ye marvel at my moan?

Here on earth forlorn to linger,
Ne'er to see the Christ adored,
'Tis too grievous for a spirit
Hungering, thirsting, for her Lord."

Thus the Bride the Bridegroom seeketh
Mid the glaring heat of noon,
Crying in her fond devotion,
"O my King, speed this way soon."

Love and hope and trust mysterious
Speak her passion. "Master! say
Where Thou dwellest—go not further—
Jesu! with thy loved one stay."

Bridegroom.

"Grieve not, dear-heart! that I leave thee,
Set thy soul's affection on
That fair country," saith the Saviour,
"Whither I for thee am gone."

"Let the grace, from heaven that floweth,
Cheer thee mid thine anxious fears,
Let the kindness of thy Brethren
Wipe away mine Exile's tears.

To my Father hence ascending
I The Comforter will send;
In that Trinity most blessed
Thou hast joy that knows no end."

Thomas of Kempen, near Cologne, was a Monk, and wrote the well-known "Imitation of Christ." He died in 1471, aged 91.

I SAW THE HOLY CITY.

For the Young. A rendering of *O quam præclara regio.*
THOMAS À KEMPIS.
See Wackernagel, vol. I. p. 227.

Oh! how beauteous the land,
Where the Saints and Angels stand,
In a bright and dazzling band,
Brighter than the day.
Oh! how glorious the shore,
They shall ne'er be troubled more,
Peace is theirs for evermore,
Light and peace for aye.

Pure and chaste in holiness,
All are robed in snow-white dress,
All their unity confess,
And their Love is one.
Rich with gifts in joy they rest;
Knowledge, Wisdom fills the breast;
There no tempter can molest,
Earthly toil is done.

Oh! how blest that home must be!
God is King—The One in Three!
Simple truth and piety
Shine on every face.
List! the saved with victor-cry
Join their Lord to magnify,
Who, to such a realm on high,
Brought them by His grace.

Tune?

IN YOUR PATIENCE POSSESS YE YOUR SOULS.

A rendering of *Adversa mundi tolera.* THOMAS À KEMPIS. (Wackernagel I. 225.)

Bravely bear the ills of earth,
Bear them all for Christ, His sake;
Health and ease and lofty birth
Mar full oft, but cannot make;
When by foes thou art invested,
When by trouble sore molested,
'Tis not loss, but gain.
'Tis the patient calm endeavour
Wins the blessing, and must ever
Pluck the rose from pain.

Thus thy God shall honoured be,
And the angels will be glad,
All the brethren lean on thee,
With new gems thy brows be clad;
Toil is passing; Life is speeding:
God's reward is Rest exceeding
All that we desire.
Bear and suffer for thy Maker,
He will hold thee a partaker
Of the martyr's fire.

'Tis alone by suffering,
Christian! thou canst bettered be;
'Tis through patience conquering
Thou becomest fair to see;
Pure as finest gold, and clearer
Than the crystal clear, and dearer
To thy best Friend's heart;
Saintlier; in good abounding;
God's true soldier; vice confounding;
Loved by Christ thou art.

Put then all thy trust in God,
Whatsoe'er may be thy case;
Humbly bow thee to His rod,
Always, and in every place;
Do the right, the truth maintaining,
Daily, hourly, thou art gaining
Grace that ne'er shall cease.
Love the plain and simple ever,
Show and pomp and grandeur never;
Thus thou shalt find Peace.

HE WENT TO THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

A rendering of the Ancient Hymn [illegible] Words
[illegible] in the Liturgy and Breviary

The night is dark
In the garden—Hark!
Hark! to that noise of groaning
In trembling fear
On this evening drear
A hour begins its moaning.

The Lord knelt there
And He wrung in prayer
His soul for sinners pleading
That sorrow sore,
Like no death, He bore,
The Ransom for our sinning.

His drops were as
Were the burning stars,
Like drops of blood down falling;
No strength was left
And He lay bereft
Of hope, as Heaven still calling.

Below His sight
Was the awful
Abyss of sin unending,
Which man had made,
Where all Christ was stayed
With guilt and woe contending.

Three times the Lord
Hath His wail outpoured,
On earth in anguish lying;
Up rose that moan,
Till from God's own throne
Came comfort to His crying.

That bitter cup,
Lord, Thou drankest up,
O Christ, for our salvation;—
Eternal praise
Be it ours to raise,
And ceaseless adoration.

Author: F. von Spee, 1591—1633, a Jesuit priest, a real poet.

AN ADVENT HYMN. PSALM 24.

A rendering of

Macht hoch das Thor, die Thüren weit,
Es kommt der Herr der Herrlichkeit.
Gesang-buch, Hymn 36 (154).

Roll back the doors, throw wide the gates,
The Lord of Glory on us waits,
The King of kings is drawing near,
The Saviour of the world is here.
He brings us life and healing nigh,
Then greet Him with the rapturous cry—
Hosanna! God of grace,
We bow before Thy face.

He is a Helper true and tried,
Meekness is ever at His side,
For vesture Holiness is His,
His sceptre loving-kindness is.
From Him all pain and sorrow fly,
Then greet Him with the rapturous cry—
Hosanna, God of might,
Our Saviour in the fight.

O Jesu! Saviour! enter in,
Our hearts lie open, come within,
Draw us by all Thy grace divine;
May kindly light upon us shine,
Thy Holy Spirit guard our road,
And lead us to Thy blest abode.
Hosanna! Thou, our Lord,
Shalt ever be adored.

Tune: see Gesang-buch.

Author: G. Weissel, 1590—1635, a pastor.

WHITSUNTIDE.

A rendering of *Komm, O komm, du Geist des Lebens.* Gesang-buch, Hymn 72 (190).

Come, O come, life-giving Spirit,
Come from Heaven, Thou Holy fire;
Not in vain display Thine influence,
More and more our souls inspire.
So Thy presence, warmth, and light
Shall our darkened hearts make bright.

Grant us wisdom, understanding,
Thoughtful counsel, ghostly might;
That in all we plan and purpose,
We may do Thy will aright;
Higher still our knowledge raise,
Keep us free from error's ways.

O Thou Lord of strength and power,
All that's good by Thee is done:
Now, Thy gracious work completing,
Aid us till the fight be won.
Human falsehoods sweep away,
Keep us in the righteous way.

Tune: see Gesang-buch, and 427, in *Hymns A. & M.*

Author: H. Held, 1659, a lawyer.

"COMFORT ONE ANOTHER WITH THESE WORDS."

A rendering of *Trockne deines Jammers Thränen.* Voss.

Dry thy tears and stay thy weeping,
Lift thy gaze on high,
All thy sighing, all thy sorrow
Cannot bring him nigh.
Ah! that gracious voice and greeting,
Ah! that winsome way,
Ah! that eye, that looked so friendly,
All are gone to-day.

As the flowerets droop and wither,
We must fade and die;
But the soul lives,—'tis the body
In the grave must lie.
From yon skies our loved one, resting
In the peace of God,
Bids us weep not, but take comfort
Here beside the sod.

Powers we have that cannot perish,
Strivings after right,
Feelings, Hopes, immortal Longings;
Shall they end in night?
Can the soul, that grasps a world-thought,
Moulder in the earth?
And hath God in mockery given
Signs of heavenly birth?

Not in vain, Lord, not in mockery
Hast Thou formed us,—Nay
Love and wisdom have enwrapped us,
Living souls, in clay.
When this covering falls in ruins,
Free the soul shall soar,
Where the choirs of blessed Spirits
Hymn Thee evermore.

Turn we then our heart's affection,
Turn our looks above,
Where all grief is healed and peaceful
In a Father's love;
Where disease comes not nor terror,
Where no difference parts,
Where nor death nor distance severs
Loved and loving hearts.

Friend shall be with friend for ever
On that gladsome day,
Parents, children, sisters, brothers,
Man and wife,—for aye.
There we'll prize His loving mercy,
There we'll hail Him blest,
Who, from sorrow, pain, and error,
Leadeth us to rest.

Our allotted time is passing,
Passing swiftly here;
And my last of earthly moments
Now, perchance, is near;
Saviour! keep us true and holy,
Bid us with Thee stay,
Welcome Death when Thou in mercy
Callest us away.

J. H. Voss, 1751—1826, translator of Shakspeare, Homer and Virgil.

Original.

The following are not "Renderings" from ancient hymns. But they suggest thoughts which others may carry out more suitably.

AT A MARRIAGE. (BEFORE THE BLESSING.)

Now the marriage rites are done,
Hands are joined, two lives are one,
Still we linger—God of love,
Grant Thy blessing from above.

Thine they are, they bear Thy sign,
Wedded life needs grace divine;
We have heard their plighted troth,
Lay Thy hand upon them both.

Their estate is holy now,
Angels listened to their vow,
Church and Priest entreat Thine aid—
Seal the promise 'twixt them made.

Go, Lord, with them where they go,
Joined with Thee they fear no foe;
Dwell Thou with them where they dwell,
Where Thy home is, all is well.

Grant them strength, and grant them health,
Give them competence of wealth,
Turn all strange events to joy,
Send Thy peace without alloy.

Bless them with Thine own new Name,
Warrant sure 'gainst sin and shame;
Bless them with Thy holy Cross,
Pledge of help in pain and loss.

Meek and quiet spirits wear
Hidden jewels rich and rare;
Lord! with gifts that never die
Dower them eternally.

One in mind and one in heart,
Let their mutual love impart
Such fair beauty to all deeds
As to perfect concord leads.

Trusting to Thy promised grace,
Seeking brightness from Thy face,
May they all their lives, as now,
Keep unstained the marriage-vow.

Life is one long warfare here,
May they battle in Thy fear;
Life has sweetness, hope and peace,
May their joyance never cease.

Formed in Thine own image fair,
Happy, happy, happy pair,
Bless them, Father, from above,
Bless them with Thy heavenly love.

Tune "Bewdley," 547, in *Hymns A. & M.*

THE CRY OF THE BRITISH CHURCH TO HER WANDERING CHILDREN.

"Come thou with us this day,
And we will do thee good;
The Lord hath brought us on our way;
He hath our foe withstood;
And He will bring us to our rest,
Come thou with us, and be thou blest."

So spake the Seer of God,
As through the desert sand
With eager feet the Hebrews trod
On to the promised land;
"Can ye amid the scorners stay,
While God doth guide us on our way?"

And now—along the vales,
Re-echoed from the hills,
O'er all the pleasant land of Wales—
That cry the silence fills;
Our Church repeats the message clear,
"Come thou with us, for God is here."

In the old Saintly days
Our fathers side by side
Were wont to lift their hymns of praise,
In heart and mind allied;
No strife, no hate, no envious cares;
One Lord, one Faith, one Church, were theirs.

Then kept the sheep the fold,
Nor felt a wish to roam;
And Brethren in the days of old
Revered the sacred Home,
Where rivalry and discord cease,
Where comradeship in Christ is Peace.

Inspirer of all grace!
May every child of Thine
Find here, within Thy Church, his place
To do Thy work divine;
Oh! send Thy Spirit from above,
Thy gift of Unity and Love.

Tune?
Printed in 1890.

FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

BEFORE A BATTLE.

"If we forget."

If we forget Thee in the fight,
O God, when mid the storm of shot,
Our comrades fall before our sight;
If we forget, Forget us not.

Our mothers pledged us to be Thine
At Christ's own font, and ne'er forgot
How on each brow the Cross did shine;
We oft forget, Forget Thou not.

Dear to our hearts their memory clings,
Who taught us first, though poor our lot,
To know Thy greatness, King of kings;
We may forget, Forget Thou not.

We muster here at duty's call,
And English, Irish, Welshman, Scot,
Our lives are Thine, to stand or fall;
If we forget, Forget Thou not.

Our Queen has summoned us to arms,
Our Country told us to this spot,
If in war's passion and alarms
We Thee forget, Forget us not.

Oft have we sinned against Thy laws,
In penitence we own Thee now,
The solemn roll-call bids us pause;
Though we forget, Forget not Thou.

Thou hast protected by Thy power,
And led us on, we know not how;
To Thee we yield ourselves this hour;
Though we forget, Forget not Thou.

For all the past we ask Thy grace,
Grant us, O Lord! forgiveness now,
Now shew, in mercy shew Thy face;
We do forget, Forget not Thou.

We trust our homes, Lord, to Thy care,
As here before Thy throne we bow;
May those we love Thy blessing share;
If we forget, Forget not Thou.

All were enlisted in Thy name,
Each is enrolled and sworn to Thee;
Yet should I mid the heat and flame
Forget Thee, Lord! Forget not me.

First printed in 1888.

A person once in the presence of Archbishop, Bishop of Rochester, laughingly spoke of short prayers, and said the shortest prayer he knew was that of a soldier before the battle of Blenheim—"O God, if there be a God, save my soul, if I have a soul." The Bishop replied, "I remember one as short, and much better, also by a soldier, 'O God, if in battle I forget Thee, do not Thou forget me.'" The Bishop was probably thinking of Sir J. Astley's prayer, who so prayed at the battle of Edgehill, 1642. A.D. See Dr King's *Sermons*, p. 7 (Murray).

Sung to the tune "Knowsley," 104, in *Hymns A. & M.*

This "Lest we forget" was printed by me in 1888. Mr Kipling's grand Recessional "Lest we forget" was first printed in 1897, nine years later than mine.

A year ago I wrote to a friend, whose judgment and historic works would entitle him to be held as one of our leading critics of style and age of documents. I asked him to criticise my lines. He replied, "Yours is so obviously modelled on R. Kipling's that it does not deserve notice."

The thought forces itself on the mind, "Are the Professors of the Higher Criticism of the Bible, who decide from intuitive perception only, any better judges than my friend?"

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I, LIBELLE,
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